

# The Listener

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A recent photograph of Her Majesty the Queen, whose Christmas broadcast is on page 1055

In this number:

Industrial Disputes and Compulsory Arbitration (Otto Kahn-Freund)

The Father of Russian Marxism (Isaiah Berlin)

Minds and Machines—I (W. Mays)



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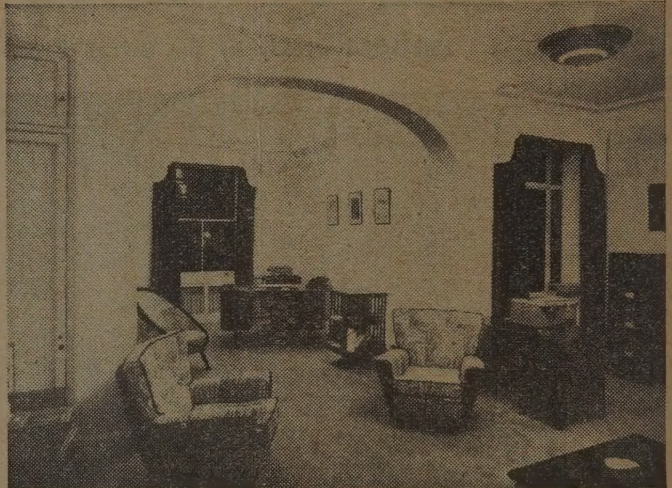
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# The Listener

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## The Queen's Christmas Broadcast

### Her Majesty's message to the Commonwealth

ONCE again messages of Christmas greeting have been exchanged around the world. From all parts of the Commonwealth and from the remote and lonely spaces of Antarctica, words and thoughts taking their inspirations from the birth of the Child in Bethlehem long ago have been carried between us upon the invisible wings of twentieth-century science.

Neither the long and troubled centuries that have passed since that Child was born nor the complex scientific developments of our age have done anything to dim the simple joy and bright hope we all feel when we celebrate His birthday. That joy and hope find their most complete fulfilment within the loving circle of a united family.

You will understand me, therefore, when I tell you that of all the voices we have heard this afternoon, none has given my children and myself greater joy than that of my husband.\* To him I say: 'From all the members of the family gathered here today our very best good wishes go out to you and to everyone on board *Britannia*, as you voyage together in the far southern seas. Happy Christmas from us all.'

Of course, it is sad for us to be separated on this day and, of course, we look forward to the moment when we shall again be together. Yet my husband's absence at this time has made me

even more aware than I was before of my own good fortune in being one of a united family. With that consciousness in mind, I would like to send a special message of hope and encouragement to all who are not so blessed, or for any reason cannot be with those they love today: to the sick who cannot be at home; to all who serve their country in foreign lands, or whose duty keeps them upon the oceans, and to every man or woman whose destiny it is to walk through life alone. Particularly on this day of the family festival let us remember those who, like the Holy Family before them, have been driven from their homes by war or violence. We call them refugees: let us give them a true refuge; let us see that for them and their children there is room at the inn.

If my husband cannot be at home on Christmas Day, I could not wish for a better reason than that he should be travelling in other parts of the Commonwealth. On his journey he has returned to many places that we have already visited together, and he has been to others that I have never seen. On the voyage back to England he will call at some of the least accessible parts of the world, those islands of the South Atlantic separated from us by immense stretches of the ocean, yet linked to us with bonds of brotherhood and trust.

One idea above all others has been the mainspring of this journey. It is the wish to foster and advance concord and under-

\* The programme 'Voices Out of the Air', which led up to the Queen's broadcast, ended with a message from the Duke of Edinburgh, which is printed on the next page.



standing within the Commonwealth. No purpose comes nearer to my own desires, for I believe that the way in which our Commonwealth is developing represents one of the most hopeful and imaginative experiments in international affairs that the world has ever seen. If, as its Head, I can make any real personal contribution towards its progress, it must surely be to promote its unity.

We talk of ourselves as a family of nations, and perhaps our relations with one another are not so very different from those which exist between members of any family. We all know that these are not always easy, for there is no law within a family which binds its members to think or act or be alike. And surely it is this very freedom of choice and decision which gives exceptional value to friendship in times of stress and disagreement. Such friendship is a gift for which we are truly and rightly grateful.

None the less, deep and acute differences involving both intellect and emotion are bound to arise between members of a family, and

also between friend and friend; and there is neither virtue nor value in pretending that they do not. In all such differences, however, there comes a moment when, for the sake of ultimate harmony, the healing power of tolerance, comradeship, and love must be allowed to play its part.

I speak of a tolerance that is not indifference, but is rather a willingness to recognise the possibility of right in others; of a comradeship that is not just a sentimental memory of good days past, but the certainty that the tried and staunch friends of yesterday are still in truth the same people today; of a love that can rise above anger and is ready to forgive.

That each one of us should give this power a chance to do its work is my heartfelt message to you all upon this Christmas Day. I can think of no better resolve to make nor any better day on which to make it. Let us remember this during our festivities, for it is part of the Christmas message, 'Goodwill toward men'.

I wish you all a happy Christmas and a happy New Year.

## 'The Lord Watch Between Me and Thee'

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's message from the royal yacht *Britannia*

**T**HIS is *Britannia*. I am speaking to you from the middle of the South Pacific, 55 degrees south and 123 degrees west, roughly halfway between New Zealand and Cape Horn. You will have to turn the globe upside down to find the place. It is now 7 a.m. on the twenty-fifth of December and I wish every one of you listening a very happy Christmas.

Many of you at home today will be toasting absent friends. I should like to try to reply on their behalf. We are absent, most of us, because there is a Commonwealth — whether Africans studying in England, Indians in Africa; Asians learning in Australia, administrators, scientists, planters, or construction workers—we are away from the countries and the houses we know as home; and it is because people have been leaving their homes for hundreds of years that there is a Commonwealth now. Without absent friends to remember today there would be no Commonwealth, for we can gain nothing without some loss. We are the solid facts beneath the words and phrases; we are the solid flesh-and-blood links which draw the Commonwealth together under the Crown.

Since I left home, I have met

men and women everywhere who are willing to serve others rather than themselves. With people like that, the idea of Commonwealth will remain alive instead of becoming an empty phrase.

Not many years ago, to be absent meant to be cut off almost completely for long periods. In our day, however great the physical separation, we always have this link I am using now. The wireless is not just a standby and a comfort; it has taken the anxiety out of absence.

Not all of us who are absent from home, family, and friends can make use of this method of communication on this Christmas Day. In this I am fortunate. I can send a message direct to my family. I hope all of you at Sandringham are enjoying a very happy Christmas, and I hope you children are having a lot of fun. I am sorry I am not with you, but it is nice to think of you doing the usual things in familiar surroundings, and I was particularly pleased to hear the friendly sound of the bells of Sandringham Church. But I would also like to send a very simple message to all the wives and children and relations who have remembered us today. We pray in words used thousands of years ago: 'The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another'.



Her Majesty the Queen with her two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. This photograph, taken by Marcus Adams two years ago, was used by the B.B.C. television service during reports of the Queen's Christmas broadcast



# Where Communist Indoctrination Failed

GEORGE MIKES on the young people of Hungary

**A**MONG other things, the Hungarian revolution has, in my view, demonstrated the utter failure of Communist indoctrination. Most of the children who fought on the barricades and threw 'Molotov cocktails' at Russian tanks had heard nothing all their lives but Communist propaganda and the glory of the Soviet Union.

Searching for some explanation of this riddle, I interviewed more than a hundred school-children, young workers, and students in Vienna. My youngest informants were thirteen; none of them was over thirty. The answers suggest that even in the early days after the war not more than twelve per cent. of the young people became Communists or sympathisers. This is a remarkably low figure. There were, however, in these early days, two potent factors which turned the overwhelming majority of young Hungarians away from Communism. One was home influence, a far stronger factor than the Communists ever imagined; the second was the brutal behaviour of the Russian troops in 1945.

Those who did become sympathisers gradually turned away. The following story which I was told is typical of many: 'I was an organiser of DISZ (the Youth Movement); I did my best and I knew that they were pleased with me. One day I was turned out. They told me that my bourgeois origins made me unsuitable for such a position: I could never be completely trustworthy'. Again, another explanation given by another boy: 'When I was thirteen my whole family was deported, my parents and four brothers and sisters. They told me that I had been spared and allowed to stay in Budapest because I was such a good Communist. They separated me from the people I liked most in the world and this was supposed to be a reward for my services'.

Most of these youngsters were cured of their infatuation long before the present revolution. Others who had been indifferent gave me a variety of reasons for the gradual change in their sentiments from indifference to hostility. There were a number of special and individual reasons in addition to two almost universal ones. Among the special reasons, economic factors were mentioned frequently, mostly by the children of peasants and workers. Young men kept hearing from their parents that in the days of 'capitalist exploitation' their parents had had to work less for higher rewards than today. Another special reason was religion. It was mostly girls, and provincial girls at that, who mentioned this as a decisive factor: the majority of young people were not themselves religious, but they, too, disliked immensely the party's anti-religious policy. 'I am not religious at all', a number of them told me, 'and I have no intention of going to church ever again. But anyone who wants to go shouldn't be scared to do so'. A third special reason, which was mentioned frequently, was the indignities suffered by parents. The bonds between parents and children are much stronger than Marxist theories admit, and young people refused to acquiesce in the treatment



Hungary after the war: a memorial in Budapest, inscribed 'To the memory of the liberating Soviet heroes: the grateful Hungarian people, 1945'

of their parents as criminals just because they belonged to a certain social class or were supposed to hold certain political views.

But the decisively important factors which turned people away from Communism and gradually filled them with nausea were two general ones. The first of these was resurgent nationalism. It was not enough that all young people had been educated to be Soviet instead of Hungarian patriots; they were also expected to belittle their own country and emphasise how poor, miserable, and insignificant Hungary's achievements were, compared with the great and glorious Soviet Union. Marxist theory was wrong once again: under modern conditions national pride is as irrepressible as personal pride and ambition.

The second general motive was even stronger. I must call it the motive of the Big Lie. Young people could not help noticing that the party representatives and the press lied to them all the time. It was clear that the living standard was going down; but they were told in enthusiastic terms that it was going up, thanks to the party. At home they heard their parents complaining; at school they had speeches on the general satisfaction and gratitude of the people. They were told that this or that article was a Russian invention. They went home, looked it up in a pre-war encyclopaedia, and found these statements disproved. It was borne in on them that they were living in an atmosphere of lies, that they were fed on lies and breathing lies all the time, and they were determined not to be brought up to be liars themselves.

One of the boys I talked to in Vienna used a particularly imaginative parable: 'People used to say we lived behind the Iron Curtain', he said. 'This was not quite true. We lived in a tin. As long as a tin is hermetically closed, it's all right. But during Imre Nagy's first premiership, they pierced the tin and let in a little bit of fresh air. You know what happens to a tin when a little fresh air gets into it? Everything inside gets rotten'. This is true. It is also the complete history of Communist indoctrination in Hungary—told in one sentence:

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)



After this year's rising in Hungary: refugees from Russian repression photographed at a reception camp in Austria



## Law in Action

## Industrial Disputes and Compulsory Arbitration

By OTTO KAHN-FREUND

**R**EGINA v. *Industrial Disputes Tribunal, Ex parte Courage & Co. Ltd.*, [1956] 1 W.L.R.1062, is the somewhat imposing title of a recent decision of a Queen's Bench Divisional Court; and for brevity I shall call it *Ex parte Courage*. It arose from a wage demand made by the Transport and General Workers' Union on behalf of about fifty of its members who were employed at the brewery of Courage and Co. Ltd., at Alton in Hampshire. The other workers at the brewery, some 300 in number, were not members of the union, and the case decides an important question which arises where the union represents only a small proportion of the workers. The case also illustrates the working of the present machinery of compulsory arbitration for resolving wage claims and other industrial disputes.

## Voluntary Bargaining the General Rule

Legal problems arising from wage negotiations do not often find their way into the courts. The reason is simple: generally speaking, collective bargaining is in this country purely voluntary. Trade unions constantly negotiate with employers and their associations, and employers and their associations with unions, and I daresay there is a certain amount of compulsion on both sides which reinforces the willingness of the other side to negotiate. But this compulsion is social and not legal. The general rule is that a union cannot threaten an employer with proceedings before a court or administrative authority if he refuses to negotiate, nor can an employer threaten a union in this way. In the vast majority of cases wages and other conditions of employment are settled through voluntary bargaining machinery, such as joint industrial councils and similar bodies, or simply by agreement.

If thus the negotiations succeed, well and good. If they fail, then unions and employers often decide to settle their differences about wages and other conditions by arbitration. But this too is usually entirely voluntary. Take such well-known arbitration bodies as the National Reference Tribunal in the coal mining industry, or the Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal. They can act only because both sides have voluntarily agreed to submit their dispute to them. There is also a permanent arbitration tribunal set up by statute. It is called the Industrial Court and it must not be mixed up with the Industrial Disputes Tribunal. The Industrial Court, too, normally cannot act unless both sides have agreed to have their dispute referred to it. And an award made by the Industrial Court is not legally binding. It is not really more than a recommendation to the two sides, though in practice it is almost invariably accepted and observed.

This, then, is the general principle, the principle of voluntary negotiation and voluntary arbitration, and it explains why these matters are kept away from the courts. Clearly, from the point of view of society as a whole, this principle involves the risk of stoppages in industry, which we could not take during the war. In 1940, the Government as well as both sides of industry decided that stoppages had to be avoided at all cost, and that a machinery for the compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes had to be created so as to settle those differences which proved to be intractable. This was done by the famous Order 1305 of 1940, the Conditions of Employment and National Arbitration Order, a statutory instrument based on a Defence Regulation, but in fact the outcome of an informal understanding between the Government, the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, and the British Employers' Confederation. Under this Order strikes and lockouts were, to a large extent, forbidden, but on the other hand a compulsory arbitration tribunal was set up by the Minister of Labour to settle those disputes which otherwise might have led to stoppages. The Tribunal, which was then called the National Arbitration Tribunal and which, in 1951, was re-christened the Industrial Disputes Tribunal, usually sits in London. It has an independent chairman and, as a rule, sits with two further independent members and with one employers' and one trade union representative, who are not, however, taken from the industry involved in the dispute before the Tribunal.

In 1951, too, the original Order was revoked and replaced by the

Industrial Disputes Order which is now in force. This was done because the prohibition of strikes and lockouts was no longer justifiable, while on the other hand both sides of industry and the Government felt that the compulsory arbitration machinery could still perform a useful purpose in those cases in which wages and other conditions could not be settled by voluntary negotiation or voluntary arbitration. Like its predecessor of 1940, the present Order is based on an agreement which still exists between the Government and the two sides of industry. This is a fact of very great political significance, but it has nothing to do with the legal aspect of compulsory arbitration which is my concern here.

The scope of the Order is very wide indeed. Despite its name, it applies not only to industry but to all those who work under contracts of employment for any employer, public or private, except the Crown itself, and a number of cases concerning local government officers, from the town clerk downwards, have been before the Tribunal. The Order, like its predecessor, speaks of 'workers' and 'workmen', but the House of Lords decided as early as 1942<sup>1</sup> that these words mean here practically the same thing as a 'servant' at common law. On the other hand, the present Order covers only disputes between an employer and his employees connected with wages and other terms of employment or conditions of labour, and not disputes as to who should or may be employed by a given employer. Thus it cannot be invoked where the difference is about the closed shop or the employment of non-unionists, or about reinstatement after a strike; nor can it be used to settle sympathetic or secondary disputes.

Why do we call this machinery compulsory arbitration? For two main reasons, I think. In the first place, a trade union or an employers' association or an employer can take a case before the Tribunal without the consent and even against the will of the other side. Indeed, many cases go to the Tribunal just because one side objects to voluntary arbitration or any other form of amicable settlement. As you will see, *Ex parte Courage* was just such a case. But there is another reason why we call this arbitration compulsory: unlike an award made by the Industrial Court, any award rendered by the Tribunal is no mere recommendation to the parties. On the contrary, it is legally binding upon them: by operation of law the terms of the award become terms of the contracts of employment of all those to whom the award applies. Thus, if the Tribunal grants a wage increase to a number of workmen employed by a given firm, these workmen acquire, against their employer, a contractual right to the increased wage which, like any other contractual right, can be enforced in the appropriate court. This is the way the awards are made enforceable.

## Persistence of Free Collective Bargaining

All this sounds rather formidable and in fact the Order has proved to be important in the practice of industrial relations, but nothing would be more erroneous than to think that compulsory arbitration has superseded voluntary negotiation. Nothing of the kind. In many industries the Order has never been used at all, in others only sporadically. The traditional pattern of British industrial relations has not been changed by the Order. This is to say that the habit of free collective bargaining is deeply rooted in this country, and it is only in exceptional and marginal cases that the Tribunal has had to be invoked. No more than 138 cases reached the Tribunal in 1955.<sup>2</sup>

This sparing use of the Tribunal's services was intended by those who made the Order. The procedure itself is deliberately designed to encourage voluntary settlement and to discourage recourse to the Tribunal. No one can submit a case to the Tribunal directly. If a union or employer or employers' association wants to get a case before the Tribunal, they must first report it as a dispute to the Minister of Labour. Needless to say, when I mention the 'Minister', I am merely using the statutory term for the relevant Department which is the Industrial Relations Department of the Ministry of Labour and National Service. The first duty of the Minister is to try to settle the case

<sup>1</sup> *National Association of Local Government Officers v. Bolton Corporation*, [1943] A.C. 166

<sup>2</sup> Annual Report of The Ministry of Labour and National Service for 1955, Cmd. 9791, p. 109



amicably in one form or another, and often he succeeds. If the departmental officers fail, however, they must refer the dispute to the Tribunal for settlement by arbitration, and in due course the Tribunal will hear the parties and make its award. This award, I repeat, may have been made against the will of one side or the other, and it binds both sides as a matter of law. It is thus important that the Tribunal should strictly keep within the four corners of the Order, and that it should not overstep the limits of its statutory powers. To put it in legal terms: it must not exceed its jurisdiction. This central question of jurisdiction was the issue before the court in *Ex parte Courage*.

How can such a question come before the court? Let us take an extreme situation to illustrate this. Supposing a union reports to the Minister under the Industrial Disputes Order something which is not a dispute at all within the strict definition of the Order, such as, for example, a dispute about the closed shop. Such a report would be a nullity. The Minister would have no jurisdiction to refer the case to the Tribunal. If nevertheless he does (and in practice these matters are not as simple as my example) the reference, too, is a nullity. The Tribunal has no jurisdiction unless it has a valid reference before it. If it has not but, nevertheless, makes an award, that too is made without jurisdiction. Whenever a body such as the Industrial Disputes Tribunal exceeds or is about to exceed its jurisdiction, the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court can and usually does, on application, intervene, and stop the proceedings by what is known as an Order of Prohibition.

### The Brewery and the Four Shillings

With that brief survey of the background, let me return to *Ex parte Courage*. In the summer of 1955 the union had obtained for its fifty members a wage increase of eight shillings a week; and the other 300 workers had received corresponding increments. Towards the end of the year, however, the union demanded a further increase of four shillings a week which the brewery refused. The union reported this as a dispute to the Minister in January 1956, and, after attempts at an amicable solution had apparently failed, the Minister referred it in March to the Industrial Disputes Tribunal for settlement by arbitration. At that point the employer applied to the Queen's Bench Divisional Court for an Order of Prohibition.

Counsel for the employer had to convince the court that by proceeding with the arbitration the Tribunal would exceed its jurisdiction. He had to establish that the conditions under which the Minister may and must refer a case to the Tribunal had not been fulfilled. This he tried to do by alleging in the first place that there was no dispute between the brewery and its workmen; but on the evidence it was clear that the union had been authorised by some of the brewery workers to negotiate for the further wage increase, and so this argument failed on the facts. In the second place he argued that the union was not qualified to report the dispute if there were one. In deciding this second issue the court provided an important authority on the question in what circumstances a difference between labour and management can be settled by compulsory arbitration.

The point is that, under the Order, a union cannot report a dispute to the Minister unless it fulfils certain qualifying conditions. If there is negotiating machinery in the trade or industry or section of trade or industry, the Minister cannot act on the report unless it appears to him that the union habitually takes part in operating the machinery, as, for example, by being represented on a joint industrial council. But if there is no such machinery, then the union cannot of course qualify by showing that it habitually helps in operating it. This, however, was precisely the situation in *Ex parte Courage*. In such a case, for the Order to apply, it must appear to the Minister that the union 'represents a substantial proportion of . . . workers . . . in the trade or industry or section of trade or industry concerned'. All depends on whether the union 'represents a substantial proportion of . . . workers . . . in the trade or industry or section of trade or industry concerned'.

This is what counsel for the brewery said: If this is a dispute, it exists only in one section of the brewery industry, namely, at Courage's brewery at Alton. In this section, that is, in this brewery, however, the Transport and General Workers Union does not represent more than about one-seventh of the workers. This is not a substantial proportion. Therefore the union was not qualified to report the dispute to the Minister. Therefore the report to the Minister and the subsequent reference by the Minister to the Tribunal were nullities, and the Tribunal had no jurisdiction. This was the principal argument of counsel for the employer.

But the court rejected this argument and refused to make the Order of Prohibition. The court said: The fallacy of the argument lies in the meaning it gives to the word 'section'. 'Section' does not and cannot have a local or geographical connotation. It has a functional connotation; that is, it refers not to the workers in a particular undertaking such as Courage's brewery, or at a particular place such as Alton, or in a particular county such as Hampshire. What it does refer to is groups of workers distinguished from others by the work they do, such as carpenters in the building industry or weavers in the cotton industry. These are often represented by separate craft unions, and this, the court implied, is the reason why the reference to 'sections' appears in the Order of 1951. Hence it did not matter whether the union substantially represented the workers at Courage's brewery. All that mattered was whether it represented a substantial proportion of the brewery workers all over the kingdom; and this it did.

This was no more than an interpretation of the word 'section', but it was decisive for the future of the existing compulsory arbitration machinery. If you want to see why this case is so important, just imagine for a moment that the court had decided the other way. What would have been the result? No union could have brought before the Tribunal any dispute with an employer unless a substantial proportion of the workers employed by him had been members of the union. Now the disputes for which this procedure is needed are often those which arise in undertakings with a low percentage of organised labour. Those are frequently the undertakings that are disinclined to participate in the voluntary settlement of wages and other conditions. One can therefore say that if the argument for the brewery had succeeded, the provisions of the Order would have been excluded from a number of those cases for which it was perhaps specially made. One must remember that under the present Order of 1951 only a union can report a dispute to the Minister from the workers' side. An individual employer can do so, but not an individual worker.

Clearly, therefore, if the court had decided the other way, it would, so to speak, have disenfranchised, so far as this procedure is concerned, the workers employed in undertakings with a low quota of organisation. They could not themselves report the dispute, and, if the court had adopted the brewery's argument, no union could have done it on their behalf. This, in turn, would in all probability have led to additional industrial unrest. Whatever views one may take of labour disputes, few who have regard to the national wellbeing would prefer strikes and lockouts to the orderly process of arbitration. The decision in *Ex parte Courage* thus retains within the domain of compulsory arbitration a substantial and important segment of the field of potential labour disputes: and for this reason alone the decision is indeed welcome.

### As It Appears to the Minister

One last word. The Order of 1951 does not provide that the union must in fact represent 'a substantial proportion of . . . workers . . . in the trade or industry or section of trade or industry concerned', but merely that it must appear to the Minister that it does. The effect of these words plainly seems to have been to withdraw the question from the court, for it was clear that, whatever the facts were, the union had appeared to the Minister to represent a substantial proportion of workers. In other words, it could, and perhaps it should, have been said that all the court had to do was to ascertain what had appeared to the Minister, and not what in fact the position was. If this had been done the case would have been quickly over, and some may think that a court ought not to go into a matter which a statute or an order having the force of a statute clearly reserves to the decision of another authority, such as the Minister. On the other hand, if the court had taken that line, we should have been bereft of the valuable decision that we now have. It was perhaps fortunate that the parties concerned seem to have been content to fight the case on the wider issue, thus enabling the court to decide what was meant by 'section' in the order.

Some may think that it is hard on an employer to be compelled to go to arbitration by a union which has organised only a minority of his workers. As the Lord Chief Justice pointed out, any wage increase which the union members will secure through an award of the Tribunal will automatically inure to the benefit of the other workers in the undertaking. One should perhaps weigh this objection against the advantage from the point of view of industrial peace gained by the law as laid down in this case. It is a choice of preference which anyone interested in these matters must make for himself.—*Third Programme*



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

### Foreign broadcasts on Hungary

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Into 1957

As we move further into the nineteen-fifties we are struck by the sobering reflection that children now at school will, if they are lucky, live to see the year 2000. By then, we may hazard the guess, either the world will have relapsed into a state of barbarism or it will have become a much better or at any rate richer place. Possibly the most significant event that occurred in 1956 from the point of view of the British people was not the turmoil over the Middle East or any other political crisis but the opening of Calder Hall. According to our American friends, Calder Hall may prove in time to be a somewhat primitive instrument to transform atomic power into electricity. Nevertheless it is the first station of its kind anywhere in the world and already other stations have been commissioned by the electricity authorities. By the year 2000 one supposes that the manufacture of atomic energy will relieve all pressure upon our diminishing coal supplies and upon imported oil. Not only houses but whole towns can be centrally heated and agricultural areas still remote from the grid made fecund and flourishing. Again, rapid progress has been made with the treatment of disease. Neither thrombosis nor tuberculosis is as fatal as it was thirty years ago and radio therapy has reduced the scourge of cancer. The study of dietetics and the organisation of the Welfare State has constricted the incidence of rickets which was still quite common during the Great Depression and in the nineteenth century. Penicillin and other drugs, by dealing successfully with heavy attacks of influenza and pneumonia, have lengthened the average duration of human life. We may envisage the possibility of realising the dream of Bernard Shaw in 'Back to Methuselah'—of people being able to live longer and more useful lives.

Similarly we are inclined to forget that psychiatry is only a youthful science (Freud died as recently as 1939) and the establishment of clinics to deal with the problems of children and married people is fairly recent. We are coming to know more about the close relationship between the body and the mind and to appreciate that deep-rooted mental illnesses may be cured by patient treatment. Educational progress has been rapid, new universities have been created or old ones expanded, and higher education has become more accessible. If we had the optimism and confidence of our grandfathers, we would boldly say that there are no visible limits to human progress or the triumphs of human knowledge. Next year—during the International Geophysical Year—the shooting of artificial satellites into space should enable us to extract more information about the universe of which our world forms so tiny a part, supplementing what has already been learnt from the use of the 200-inch telescope and radio astronomy.

It is easy but wrong to think of the triumphs of scientific discovery and invention merely in terms of gadgets to help the housewives, fast machines to carry travellers, and coloured television to entertain the idle. We tend to forget and be ungrateful for the hard and successful labours of men and women, for example, who are helping the world to solve the problem of food supplies, which pessimists, immediately after the war, thought might prove insoluble. Admittedly, as recent events have shown, human passions may undermine and even destroy the real gains that are being made daily. It may well be that the heart of civilisation will soon shift from the west, as prophets and imaginative historians have forecast. But that is not to say that a very high standard of world culture and civilisation is unattainable. We should not therefore move forward into 1957 without feeling hopeful, if not for ourselves at least for our children and children's children, should sanity prevail.

THE DOMINANT THEME in Moscow broadcasts last week was the alleged 'capitalist conspiracy' by the 'imperialist' Powers, notably Britain and the U.S.A., to subvert peace, in particular by their activities in regard to Hungary and the Middle East crisis. Listeners to broadcasts from Moscow were informed again and again that 'thanks to the firm attitude of the U.S.S.R.' on both the Hungarian and Egyptian questions, the outbreak of a third world war had been prevented:

The two associated sinister adventures of international imperialism in Hungary and Egypt are moving to their ignominious end.

According to this broadcast, 'the firm attitude of the Soviet Union has played a decisive part' in the 'aggressors' now leaving Egypt. As for Hungary:

but for the encouragement which the counter-revolutionary remnants received from abroad, peace and order would long ago have been restored. . . . In the U.N. General Assembly, a hue and cry about events in Hungary has been raised by the U.S. ruling circles, the very same people who are directly responsible for the bloodshed there. The hypocrisy of western politicians knows no limits! The U.N. . . . must take urgent steps to prevent the U.S.A. from interfering in the internal affairs of the people's democracies.

According to another transmission from Moscow, Vice-President Nixon's visit to Austria

is not only an act of gross interference in the affairs of other countries: it violates the U.S.A.'s solemn obligation to recognise the permanent neutrality of Austria. To recognise Austria's neutrality while at the same time using her hospitality for purposes hostile to a neighbouring state is a piece of hypocrisy that does no credit to the U.S. statesmen.

Another Moscow broadcast maintained that the refugee camps in Austria were full of 'honest citizens' who had been 'misled by provocative promises', and young people 'forcibly deported' to Austria, destined as recruits for the less pleasant jobs in the western labour market and for subversive work. A further broadcast from Moscow claimed that the 'imperialist raid on Hungary' had been designed to establish a fascist base from which to intervene in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, and to increase international tension with a view to starting a new war.

Broadcasts from Hungary itself spoke of the chaotic situation in Hungary's economy. The General Secretary of the Hungarian Trade Union Council said there was hardly any coal or electric power, raw materials for industry were missing, and inflation and unemployment were threatening. The Minister of Agriculture admitted that about forty per cent. of collective farming had been abandoned.

The Hungarian radio took exception to Mr. Kardelj's speech in the Yugoslav National Assembly, and retorted:

The statement that Hungarian Communists are afraid of the workers' councils is in our opinion without foundation. . . . Elements alien to the working class got into workers' councils.

The Yugoslav radio, on the other hand, stated:

It is regrettable that Hungary's political and state leadership, although it invokes that name of Socialism, cannot distinguish between the interests and aspirations of the workers and the acts of reaction.

The Yugoslav newspaper *Borba* was quoted as describing the Hungarian workers' councils as 'the spontaneous outcome of efforts to safeguard . . . the achievements of the working class'; they enjoyed the trust of the workers. *Politika* was quoted as saying that the Kadar regime's dissolution of the workers' councils introduced a highly dangerous element into an already difficult situation. A Belgrade broadcast stated that the outlawing of the workers' councils was

a bitter blow . . . which may lead to grave consequences in the country which has already endured so much in recent weeks.

Mr. Kardelj's speech was attacked in *Pravda*, which (as quoted from Moscow radio) accused him of interfering in Hungary's internal affairs, of recommending the breaking-up of the state machine in Hungary, of strongly supporting the workers' councils, and of trying to impose Yugoslavia's views on other 'socialist' countries.

On December 18 Moscow radio broadcast the text of the agreement signed in Warsaw, after the visit there of the Soviet Foreign and Defence Ministers, on the future status of Soviet troops in Poland. According to the Polish press, quoted by Warsaw radio, the agreement 'can play a considerable role in calming down the mood of the Polish people'.



# Did You Hear That?

## CHRISTMAS DINNER IN BENARES

'BARA DIN—the Great Day—is the name by which Christmas Day is known in India', said CHARLES CAPE in a Home Service talk, "for my sisters and me when we were children out there it was an even greater day than our birthdays. My father was a missionary working among a criminal tribe of outcasts known as the Doms, who lived in various settlements in the Benares district of the United Provinces. The Doms had for centuries been professional criminals. They were also pretty filthy in their habits and, when drunk, grossly obscene and sometimes dangerous.

'I think it was just because of all their failings and because they had not a friend in the land, that my father found himself drawn to work for and amongst them. Our own home was literally in the centre of the compound which housed not the largest of the Dom settlements but certainly the toughest, because it was they who so often needed advice, help, and sometimes chastisement. My father was that happy combination of a saint and a realist. So it was that, year after year, Christmas Day was turned into a Christian festival that was the day of days for the Doms'.

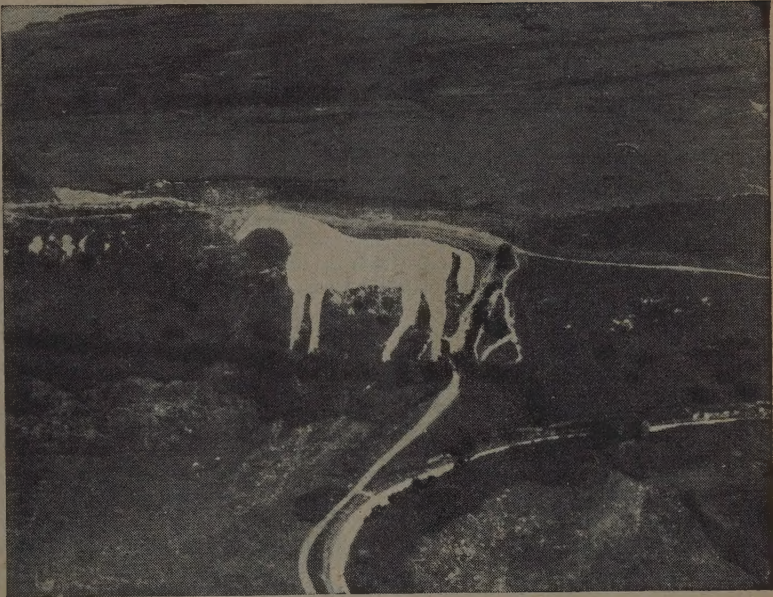
The culmination, explained Charles Cape, was the Christmas dinner: 'the *Bara Din Khana*. What a feast it was! Some days before Christmas, sacks and sacks of rice, lentils, and spices, would be dumped in a store. Then on the morning of Christmas Eve, the cooks—Doms, of course, since no one else would cook for a Dom however much they might be paid—would arrive and dig the fire trenches. Fierce log fires would soon be burning, and in enormous, iron cooking utensils first the rice, boiled to a turn, would be prepared, and when ready the moist, whole grains were poured out to make large heaps on the sheets of cloth laid out for them in another store. The lentils, too, would be cooked but poured into large earthen vessels to be warmed up before serving the next day.

'Then, on Christmas morning itself, the selected pigs were slaughtered and cut up, and the cooking of the curry would begin. And what a curry it was! Many Doms find it difficult to choose between a horse or pig curry—but the Christmas Day curry was the dish of the year. The meat was succulent and care was lavished on the preparation, with exactly the right proportions of the right spices. The result was a *chef d'oeuvre* of fiery volcanic texture.

'When all was ready in the early evening, the call went up: "Dinner's ready". The stewards would shepherd the men and boys into long rows squatting on their haunches on the grass in fifties and hundreds—exactly like the feeding of the five thousand. Before them large plates would be placed on the grass, made of the broad leaves of the pipal tree knit together with twigs: no washing-up here! Then the servers carried the rice in the sheets of cloth along the rows, doling out heaps on to each plate, followed by the lentils, and then—piping hot—the curry. All this in a tense, expectant, hushed silence. Then, as each man got his curry, eating with his right hand only, he would fall upon his meal. Again there was a momentary silence, and then, with their mouths stuffed full, they would comment to those around how indescribably filthy was the food, foully cooked, and totally unfit for human consumption—particularly for such an epicure as the speaker. But they went on eating, indeed devouring, the meal. All this was no more than the normal Dom manners. No one was offended, not even the cooks, unless at an exceptionally personal comment, when a brilliantly crude retort would turn the laugh on the complainer.

'At last all was eaten to the very last drop of curry and grain of rice. Then would arise a noise of cavernous belches. The deeper the belch the deeper the appreciation of the guest. It was now, and only now, that we, the hosts, knew we had not worked in vain.

'But what about the women and girls and young children and babies? They had waited. They had always done so for centuries past. We had suggested that all—men and women—should eat together. The very idea appalled them. So when the men had eaten their fill, the women and girls and children quietly sat down in their rows of fifties and hundreds. We always saw to it that they also had enough, and the meal



The White Horse of Kilburn in the Hambleton Hills, north Yorkshire

Aerofilms

was served and eaten, but now mostly in silence, a little abashed, because eating in public was something foreign to them. They ate rather more delicately, popping into the mouths of their youngest, even the babies, the choicest morsels of the fiery curry! And how the babies loved it. But we had our extra for the children: sweets, Indian sweets. And there are no better in the world. They have such delicious-sounding names too—*Jellabie*, *Gulab jammu*, *Luddu pera*. And again each baby got its share, and so did mother. The Doms were criminals and untouchables, but they loved their children'.

## THE WHITE HORSE OF KILBURN

'North Yorkshire's most famous landmark, the long Kilburn White Horse, developed into a cantankerous animal a few years ago', said R. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH in 'The Northcountryman'. 'He began to stray and could not be held. Now, at last, the grooms think they have tethered their charge firmly. This month's severe frosts will prove them right or wrong.

'The trouble is that the great landmark is cut out of an almost sheer hillside—and it has been sliding down. Erosion has twisted the horse's neck and legs, obliterated part of his tail and deformed his body. Many methods of stabilising the landmark have been tried, but, up to now, all have failed. Hundreds of wooden pegs have been driven into its shape recently, and everyone is hopeful that they will hold the brute. Mr. Thallon, district officer of the Forestry Commission, which owns the hillside and the horse, is the landmark's chief groom. He is pleased with his experimental pegging.

'Remembering that the horse is nearly 100 years old, he has stood the years well. Until a few years ago the horse was growing old gracefully. Then the weather began to tell. Frost has caused the most destruction, with rain a close second. The frost causes the earth to expand and contract, dislodging stones which the rain washes away. The rain also removes the coat of artificial whitening that has to be painted onto the landmark if it is to live up to its name. The danger recently has been that once the horse began to fall out of shape the trickle of stones would become a tiny landslide and the whole horse would rapidly collapse. It was this fear that prompted the search for a way of fixing the animal once and for all. In 1954 Mr. Thallon tried concreting the horse. He mixed white limestone flour and cement, and covered a small area of the horse's head. If this had proved successful Yorkshire would have a concrete White Horse today.



'The cement proved useless, and several other ideas were tried and discarded before Mr. Thallon hit on the idea of pegging the animal. He has driven hundreds of slivers of wood into the ground as far as they will go. Large stones have been piled against the stakes, and these will catch the smaller ones, stopping them rolling right down the hillside. But the frosts will tell.

'This year's heavy rain accentuated the other problem. For it blackened the horse, washing away all traces of the old white limestone covering, leaving only brown-sandstone pebbles and mud. The White Horse needs regularly whitening with a coat of lime weighing six tons. No new coat has been slapped on while the experiments have been tried. The last grooming was in 1953—for the Coronation—so the whitening is long overdue.

'Mr. Thallon is so confident that his stakes will peg the horse that he is preparing to give the animal its new look early next year. He is already searching for a good load of limestone waste—white stones varying in size from a teacup to tiny pebbles. These tipped onto the landmark will make it white again, and with the help of stakes should prove a permanent coat. If the white White Horse also keeps its shape everyone will be happy'.

### UNDERWATER SCENERY

The technique of underwater photography has been so much developed during the past few years that it is now possible to photograph not only fish and other creatures which live deep down in the sea but even the actual sea-bed itself—the underwater scenery, you might almost say. A. S. LAUGHTON, of the National Institute of Oceanography, has been doing that, working from the royal research ship, *Discovery II*, and he spoke about his work in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Our notions of the bottom of the deep sea', he said, 'which is more extensive in area than all the continents put together, come chiefly from the extensive echo-sounding surveys. But this method gives information only about the main features of the sea bottom: its mountains, valleys, and wide basins, the continental shelf, and the great submarine canyons that cut through it, and also those vast areas of amazingly flat and level bottom, the Abyssal Plains.

'We are taking actual photographs of the sea bottom itself; each covers only 100 square feet or so, but they give us an idea what it would be like to stand on the sea bottom and look at the ground in front of us. From these, we hope to find out a good deal, not only about the topography of the sea-bed but about its geological make-up and its animal population. We have already learnt something this year of the shape of specific areas of the sea bottom and also what they look like. For example, we spent several days studying a section of the mid-Atlantic Ridge; that huge chain of mountains that runs from Greenland to South Africa, down the middle of the Atlantic. When we lowered our cameras on to this Ridge, the resulting photographs showed very steep slopes of broken rocks. Especially interesting is the fact that the rocks seem to have been recently disturbed, possibly by an earthquake or an underwater volcanic eruption.

'Other volcanic features are rich in life, the rocks often covered with sponges and corals, and the tall, branching, and very decorative sea fans. Photographs we have taken of the deep plains of the ocean are very different. Here the bottom is known to be of ooze, a residue of the millions of minute animals that live near the surface and sink when they die. The plains are flat, crossed with the numerous tracks of animals who grub their way through the soft mud, leaving trails behind

them, and scattered with mounds like molehills or burrows like rabbit warrens. With our new underwater camera we have been able to photograph some of these creatures actually burrowing. These photographs include some of the most common of them, the sea cucumber: slug-like, about the size and shape of a cucumber, it feeds on the minute creatures in the ooze.

'A camera for this work requires special construction. The whole camera unit, including flashlight, had to be self-contained and fully automatic, controlled only by raising and lowering it on the end of a long wire. It had to withstand pressures of at least three tons a square inch, and, because it would be difficult to know when the camera touched the bottom, we fitted it with an acoustic apparatus that would transmit a 'ping' back to the ship when it had actually touched bottom. Some of the pictures we have taken have been spectacular. One, for example, shows the broken surface of the sea-bed at a depth of 5,000 feet, or nearly a mile, with intricate, plant-like creatures and a fish swimming by in the foreground. We have also used the camera to photograph squid in the middle layers of the ocean. To make sure of an interesting picture we arranged for the squid to trigger the camera by pulling on some bait. The resulting photographs have shown squid up to three feet long, their light-coloured suckers showing in brilliant patterns'.

### ECCENTRICITIES OF BOOK BORROWERS

WILLIAM LOWNDES, a librarian, spoke about work in a public library in 'The Northcountryman'. 'I remember', he said, 'a well-dressed, middle-aged woman approaching me one day in the library with a brand-new copy of John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps* in her hand, which she had obviously just taken from the shelves. "Tell me", she said, rather haughtily, "Is this a book about ballroom dancing?"

'Then another lady, more friendly this time, and of much more ample proportions than the John Buchan fan, asked me one busy morning for a "big" novel. "It must be fat and fairly heavy, luv", she whispered confidentially. So I gave her *Anthony Adverse*, that massive historical saga that was published in the 'thirties, and that has recently been reprinted. She hefted it carefully in one hand. "Champion", she said, "absolutely champion. Just what I wanted".

'My curiosity got the better of me. "Tell me", I asked her, "why do you want a big book particularly?" She looked at me then, and her face creased into a smile. "I enjoy reading in bed", she replied, "but my old man snores like the devil, and I need something heavy to dot him with occasionally!"

'Not many people, I imagine, use books as offensive weapons—in the literal sense of the term, of course. But it is a fact that a few seem to find them handy as repositories for scraps of food. Dean Swift, you may remember, said in his *Tale of a Tub*: "I have sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell, but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nutshell in an Iliad". Similarly, plenty of librarians can vouch for the occasional presence of egg-shell in Agatha Christie, and of raspberry-jam pips in Dennis Wheatley. And one at least of my colleagues has had the unusual distinction of finding a kipper in the abridged version of Frazer's *Golden Bough*!

'Another strange habit of library borrowers is the hiding of books behind shelves. Not having enough tickets to take out all the novels they wish, they often conceal a favoured title behind a row of rarely used books in the non-fiction section, where they usually hope to find it on their next visit'.



A picture taken by scientists working from the royal research ship, *Discovery II*, with a new camera designed for underwater photography at great depths. It shows the peak of a sea mount, 5,000 feet below sea level, north of Madeira, with hydroids, sea anemones, and a fish



# The Father of Russian Marxism

ISAIAH BERLIN on Georgi Valentinovich Plekhanov

THE principal founder of organised socialism in Russia, Georgi Valentinovich Plekhanov, was born one hundred years ago near the city of Tambov in central Russia. His father was a prosperous country gentleman, his mother was distantly related to the critic Belinsky. He received the normal education of young men of his class, first at a military academy for sons of the gentry, then at the Mining Institute in St. Petersburg. The seventies—the period immediately following the emancipation of the serfs in Russia in 1861, and the disenchantment and peasant disorders that followed—mark the highest point of social idealism among the Russian gentry. Young men of good birth, consumed with a sense of personal guilt and responsibility for the ignorance, misery, backwardness and lack of elementary justice in which the great mass of the peasants of Russia (that is to say, the vast majority of its population) were living, gave up their position and their prospects, and went in great numbers to the villages. Some worked as doctors, schoolmasters, agricultural experts, even farm-labourers; other, more resolute, spirits tried to rouse the peasants by direct propaganda to indignation, and ultimately to an armed rising.

This generous and passionate mood, with its promise of danger, secrecy, and self-sacrifice in a great human cause, reached its highest peak in the universities and schools. There is a story that Plekhanov, then a schoolboy of sixteen, forced his widowed mother to sell land to her peasants at a price lower than that offered by a neighbouring landowner, threatening that if she refused he would set the landowner's ricks on fire and give himself up publicly to the police. At the Mining Institute he joined a revolutionary group of students, and in 1876, after delivering a fiery address before an illegal demonstration of students and workers in Kazan' Square in St. Petersburg, was forced to escape abroad to avoid arrest. His life was henceforth dedicated to the cause of the Russian revolution.

Like other young men of his time he was, in the middle seventies, a populist. That is to say, he believed that the Tsarist regime was corrupt, stupid, and oppressive beyond the hope of reform and that only a violent upheaval could bring justice and freedom. The enemy was neither a class nor a specific group of individuals, but the state. Emancipation from it could be attained by a people only by its own efforts, and not conferred upon it by the action of individuals or minorities, however enlightened and well disposed. The greatest evils were coercion and exploitation of a majority by a minority. They could be ended only by a rising of the people, culminating in the creation of a federation of free, self-governing groups of productive individuals—peasants, artisans, members of the liberal professions, merchants, manufacturers—a socialism not unlike that advocated by Proudhon in France, and later by the Guild Socialists in England. The Russian populists believed that this programme was not easily realisable in the West, for there the industrial revolution had destroyed the basis for socialism by atomising society into a chaos of self-seeking individuals engaged in cut-throat competition. Some of them maintained that, so far as the West was concerned, Marx and his followers might well prove right in their predictions that the mere process of expanding industrialisation would, in due course, weld the factory workers into vast, homogeneous units in the perpetually growing monopolistic combines, and so, willy-nilly, create a monolithic and disciplined proletarian army

designed by 'history itself' to revolt, and so set all men free. But in Russia no comparable industrial revolution had occurred. There an unbroken community of peasants, closely connected with city workers who were themselves still barely urbanised peasants, existed as a natural basis for a socialist society. The populists maintained that her very backwardness offered Russia a greater opportunity of building the new, just, free society on a co-operative basis, than any that existed in the bitterly individualistic West.

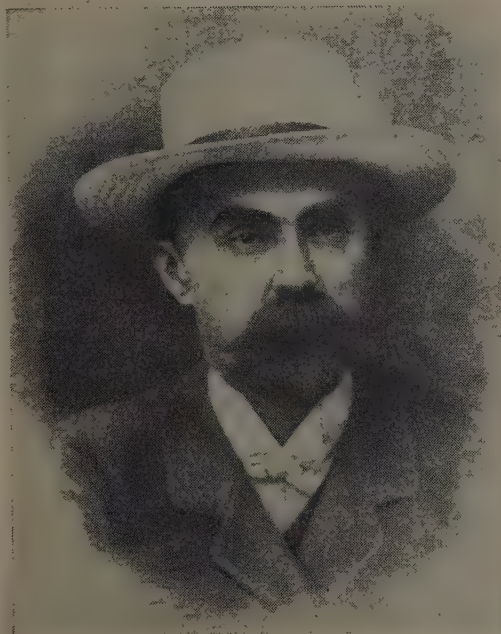
Plekhanov believed all this, but with a difference. The majority of the populists were half-educated, emotionally exalted, confused, heroically uncalculating idealists, who threw themselves into the sacred movement with everything they possessed. To such people the very idea of prudence or patience suggested something mean, cowardly and insincere. Plekhanov was no less dedicated to the cause of the revolution, but he genuinely believed in reason, scientific knowledge, patience, and careful preparation, and his brain remained cool and clear under all circumstances. His socialism was neither a poetic dream, nor a religious or metaphysical vision, nor a rationalisation of personal resentment or defeats, but a belief in the possibility of a social organisation at once rational and just. It was to be based on solid knowledge of history and natural science. It was to be created democratically; that is to say, not until the majority of a given society was sufficiently enlightened to understand what alone would make it free, happy and equal—then only, and not before.

The majority of the populists felt that this process of education might take too long. They came more and more to believe in terrorism as the only method open to a revolutionary minority of toppling the wicked regime, after which, they were convinced, the new, free, morally pure world would of itself rise from the ashes of the

old. Plekhanov denounced this as a fairy tale from the beginning to the end of his life. He believed that only understanding of the permanent laws that govern social and individual life can permanently transform it; until the majority of a given society attained to this, stupid and wicked governments were inevitable: bullets and bombs were ineffective against ignorance and barbarism on both sides. He broke with his comrades over this issue, and took no part in the conspiratorial activities which culminated in the assassination of Tsar Alexander II in 1881.

In the seventies the populist programme seemed to him practicable in Russia, because it was still a largely pre-industrial society. In the eighties he abandoned this diagnosis. Under the influence of the writings of Marx and Engels, and of his own analysis of what was occurring in Russian economic life, he changed his views. He now believed, and believed for the rest of his life, that although Russian development was retarded compared with that of the West, it would follow the same inevitable stages towards increasing industrialisation. He believed that history was a science whose laws could be discovered; that these laws were laws of the development of man's productive faculties; unless men understood these laws they would fall foul of them and their efforts to improve their lot would remain frustrated and, indeed, self-destructive.

In short Plekhanov had become a Marxist. Whereas in the seventies he had believed that the laws followed by Russian social and economic development were peculiar and *sui generis*, by the early eighties he had convinced himself that they were not. He declared that the Russian village economy was dissolving. The possibility of preserving the village



Georgi Valentinovich Plekhanov (1856-1918)



commune, in which the populists had placed their deepest faith, was a dream. What the peasants desired was not communal but private ownership; in other words, to become capitalists themselves. A capitalistic phase in Russia was not avoidable, although it might be shortened, and indeed continuously sabotaged, by the creation, on the admired German model, of a powerful Social Democratic Party, founded upon the support of the growing masses of industrial workers in the big cities. They, they alone, would free Russia. Yet, he added, 'if socialism were imposed by force it will lead to a political deformation like that of the Chinese or Peruvian empires: a renewed Tsarist despotism with a Communist lining'. The revolution must be democratic or it would not be a true revolution. Therefore the key lay in tactics based on scientific training, and a programme of the widest possible education. Nothing was to be strictly irrelevant to such knowledge: not merely economics or sociology, but philosophy in the widest sense, the history of the whole field of human endeavour, that understanding of what human beings were and are and can be, which can be derived only from the understanding of the arts as well as the sciences—that and nothing less is Plekhanov's full and somewhat utopian ideal of the education of the perfect revolutionary.

### Education of Himself—

But before a revolutionary can educate others, he must educate himself. Possessed by this characteristically Russian belief, Plekhanov set to work. Forced into exile, living in penury in Switzerland, he made himself the foremost Marxist scholar of his time. Within ten years he became the leading authority, and that not among Russian Marxists alone, on the civilisation and social history of Russia, on the theoretical foundations of Marxism, on the ideas of the western precursors of socialism, but above all on European civilisation and thought in the eighteenth century. He understood the methods and ideals of the writers of the Enlightenment, particularly in France, as very few understood or mastered them before him. They were, of all schools of thought, the most sympathetic to him. The devoted effort of the French *philosophes* to reduce all problems to scientific terms; their belief in reason, observation, experiment; their clear formulation of central principles and application of them to concrete historical situations; their war against clericalism, obscurantism, and irrationalism; their search for the truth, sometimes narrow and pedestrian but always fearless, confident, and fanatically honest; the lucid and often beautiful prose in which the best French intellectuals expressed themselves—all this he admired and delighted in. Civilised, sensitive, and fastidious, Plekhanov towered head and shoulders above his Russian fellow-socialists as a human being, as a scholar, and as a writer.

Marxist writings are not among the clearest or most readable in the literature of socialism. It was not only the late Lord Keynes who found himself physically unable to plod through *Das Kapital*; and if Lenin had not radically altered our world, I doubt whether his works would be as minutely studied as they necessarily are. Plekhanov has been badly served by his foreign translators: but if you read him in his native language, you recognise at once—it is a feeling which those who have known it will be able to identify instantly—that you are in the presence of someone of first-rate quality. At its best his style is direct, limpid, rapid, and ironical. The knowledge is vast, exact, and lightly carried; the reasoning is clear and forceful, and the final deadly blows are delivered with an impeccable elegance and precision.

### —and of a Whole Generation

Plekhanov, more or less singlehandedly, educated an entire generation of Russian Marxists and left-wing intellectuals, as Lenin handsomely admitted. He was a man of exceptional literary talent, an original historian of movements and ideas, who voluntarily submitted himself to the discipline of Marxism and remained uncrushed by it, at once dogmatic and independent, fanatically loyal to his master and yet with a clear voice of his own, a scholar and a critic in his own right. It is idle to pretend that the *obiter dicta* on art or history or literature of Lenin or Stalin, or even better educated men such as Engels or Trotsky or Bukharin, are of much intrinsic value: they are interesting only because the men who uttered them interest us on other grounds. Plekhanov's essays are remarkable intellectual achievements in themselves. His studies of French materialists, of the early socialists, of Russian novelists, of the relationship of social and economic conditions and artistic activity, always first-hand and of the purest water, have transformed the history of these subjects, not least by the opposition, often legitimate enough, which his unbending Marxist orthodoxy has provoked.

Naturally this distinction, not merely of manner but of personality, was occasionally found irksome by his fellow-revolutionaries. They complained of his aloofness, his buttoned-up, disdainful manner, his professorial airs, his impatience, his mordant irony in dealing with unusually ignorant or uncouth members of the party.

Indeed, he did not suffer fools gladly. Both intellectually and personally he dominated his *milieu*. Brilliant, contemptuous, self-critical, touchy, liable to constant discouragement, often ill, forced to struggle painfully for daily existence in a cause which he held dear, his acid comments infuriated the pretentious, the confused, and the sentimental. It was not altogether surprising that in the end he could not stomach Lenin, in whom he had early detected an almost monomaniacal lust for power and a total lack of scruple. He detested Trotsky far more; some among Trotsky's admirers believe that this was caused by jealousy. I know of no evidence for this. A simpler explanation is that Trotsky, man of genius as he was, seems to have possessed no likeable characteristics.

Presently, in 1903, there came the great doctrinal break: Lenin believed in the organisation of the Russian revolutionary Social Democratic Party by an *élite* of dedicated professional revolutionaries, against whose decisions there could, whatever they might order, for reasons of discipline be no appeal. Plekhanov had no more faith in the untutored masses than Lenin, and like him believed in efficiency, order, and discipline. He believed, too, that all must yield to the needs of the revolution, but he never tired of quoting Engels' thesis that nothing could be more tragic for revolutionary socialists than to find themselves in power prematurely, that is before the majority of the proletariat had become conscious of their historic role—or, worse still, before the proletariat had become the majority of the population. After the Bolsheviks broke off from the Mensheviks, Plekhanov came slowly to realise that what Lenin contemplated without qualms was precisely this kind of premature seizure of power, not by the majority of the people, but on their behalf by a self-appointed group of conspirators. This was to him pure Bonapartism, an irresponsible *Putsch* of the kind advocated by such violent social incendiaries as Bakunin or Blanqui, a suppression of the interests of the working class, and therefore of democracy, by a handful of demagogues. Indeed, he declared as early as 1905 that the ultimate goal of Lenin's tactics was his own personal dictatorship.

### Total Opposition to Lenin

Yet he began by supporting Lenin, because he stood for activism and organisation and was exceptionally dedicated, tough-minded, and reckless. He became totally opposed to Lenin only when he had finally convinced himself, by about 1911, that the Bolshevik leaders were not merely power seekers but brutally cynical about means, recklessly and exultantly dishonest in their tactics, and with a 'dialectical' conception of democracy which turned it into its opposite. He violently condemned the abortive Moscow rising organised by the Bolsheviks in 1905 as a criminally premature resort to arms. A far greater crisis arose in 1914 when international socialism broke over the issue of participation in the war. The Bolsheviks under Lenin, and the left wing of the Menshevik Social Democrats led by Martov, declared that the war was a fight between the two rival imperialisms in which the working class had no stake; that the failure to organise a general strike in all belligerent countries, which would have stopped the war or paralysed it very early, was a betrayal on the part of those socialist leaders who had aligned themselves with the pro-war parties in their respective countries. They therefore boycotted the war and called on all socialists to do likewise. Plekhanov thought this suicidal folly. He argued that the triumph of Prussian and Austrian militarism was incomparably more dangerous to socialism and to the Russian proletarian revolution than the victory of the western democracies engaged in self-defence. Thereupon he was indignantly branded by his opponents as a traitor to international socialism. (A not dissimilar situation arose in the United States and other neutral countries in 1939, when communists and other anti-imperialists pronounced the war against Hitler to be a clash of rival capitalist systems, and declared themselves hostile to both sides and therefore isolationist and neutral.)

In 1917, after the February Revolution, Plekhanov returned to Petrograd to a great but short-lived personal triumph. He gave critical but fervent support to Kerensky and the provisional government, and engaged in a long and bitter duel with Lenin, whom he accused of conspiring to foist the yoke of the tiny Bolshevik Party upon the necks of the Russian people; thereby sinning against Marxist democracy,

(continued on page 1077)



# Minds and Machines

W. MAYS gives the first of three talks on the science of cybernetics

**I** RECENTLY attended an International Congress on Cybernetics in Belgium. On the little yellow badge they gave us to wear there was the picture of a robot caught in the act of performing a goose-step. If the local population did not understand what the word cybernetics meant they at least could see that it had something to do with mechanical men. Quite respectable scientists have for some time now been considering the idea that many human activities can be copied by machines. This has given rise to the new science of cybernetics which deals with processes of control and communication. It endeavours to predict human and animal behaviour by the construction of models (or machines) which will imitate these activities in a concrete way. More recently the models used have tended to be of a mathematical rather than a mechanical nature.

When we examine the use of models in the study of human and animal behaviour, we are not simply concerned with their predictions. The model should also reach its results through a process recognisably akin to that of the organism studied. In cybernetic discussions the crucial question is then not whether the model and living beings do exactly the same thing, but whether the model works in the same sort of way as the process copied. Consider how this criterion applies in the case of human reasoning. There is little doubt that both human beings and machines can supply correct answers to logical problems, but what is of importance is the difference in the way they set about getting their answers. We find, for example, when we look into the matter, that the manner of working in digital computers—the electronic brains we hear so much about today—is different from that involved in human thought activities in which imaginative and aesthetic factors enter in to guide our judgement. Such machines perform calculations much as an abacus does, except that instead of coloured beads being pushed along wires, the operations are performed electrically.

Charles Peirce, a famous nineteenth-century American logician, speaking of machines capable of performing logical operations (a number of which had already been constructed in his day), went out of his way to point out their limitations. A logical machine, he says, is 'devoid of all originality, of all initiative. It cannot find its own problems, it cannot direct itself between different possible procedures. And even if, as is sometimes claimed today, a machine could be built to do this, it would, he says, still lack originality and only do the special kind of thing it had been calculated to do. This, however, he goes on, is no fault in a machine: 'we do not want it to do its own business, but ours. We no more want an original machine than an American board of college trustees would hire an original professor'.

I do not intend to go into the merits or demerits of digital computers as models of thought activity. One thing is clear if we look into the way such a computer works: though it produces a correct solution, we would say it goes about its job very unintelligently. What it does is to try out every possibility until it hits on the correct move. An intelligent human being, on the other hand, usually acts selectively, rejecting certain moves and accepting others according to some scale of values. I think

psychologists are aware of this nowadays when they begin to talk of strategies in thinking.

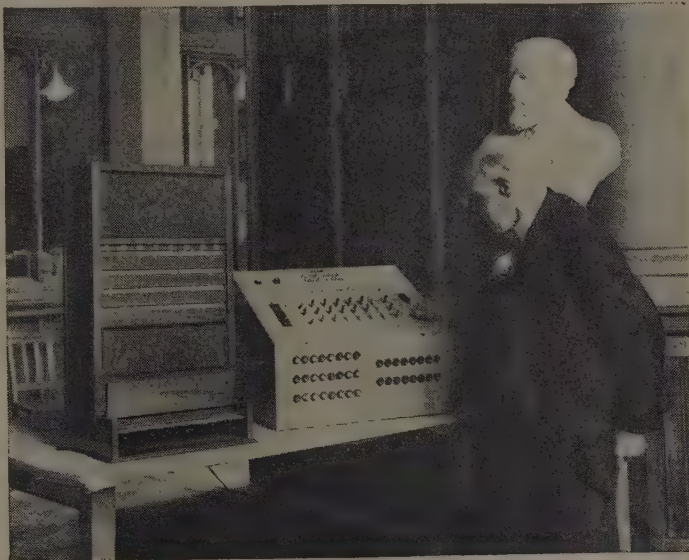
Because of this and other reasons the digital computer model has fallen into some disrepute; and feedback models—that is to say, models based on self-correcting (or control) mechanisms—have been brought in. Such mechanisms, it is believed, show, much as organisms do, goal-directed behaviour. An often-quoted example of goal-aiming activity in machines is radar controlled anti-aircraft fire, where the direction of the gunfire is progressively corrected until the target is hit. Models of this type, we are told, try to reproduce the method

of functioning as well as the results of the process. Feedback mechanisms have therefore been brought in to explain intellectual activities such as problem-solving. Since these mechanisms are self-correcting they are supposed to resemble inductive procedures, where we hit on the solution of a problem by a series of hunches, rather than deductive procedures where we reason from certain clear-cut principles to definite conclusions.

As on such a view random (or chance) trial and error behaviour is supposed to be a fundamental feature of human and animal learning, statistical devices have been introduced to render the model's behaviour more random, or as their constructors euphemistically put it, more 'life-like'. A much-quoted example of trial and error behaviour is the cat in the puzzle cage. A cat is put in a cage, and the only way it can get out is by pulling a latch which controls the door. At first,

so the theory runs, the cat as it tries to escape makes a series of disconnected movements until by chance he pushes against the latch and thus opens the door. Each time the experiment is repeated the number of incorrect movements becomes less, until finally the cat lets himself out straight away. Trial and error learning has now, it is said, become complete.

What is then assumed to happen during learning is that at first the animal's activities are random, but as it begins to learn, each success increases the probability (or chance) of that action recurring, and each failure decreases its probability. Learning on such a view is then a process which can be imitated mechanically, and mechanical rats and rabbits have been constructed to work on such a principle. The constructors of these synthetic animals (or artefacts as they are called) have then tended to identify randomness with trial and error behaviour, and so-called trial and error reflexes, really statistical devices, have been built into these toys. An artefact thus equipped, though it may not at first react to a specific stimulus, such as a coloured light, will do so if the stimulus has occurred a sufficient number of times. Some writers have even gone so far in their more popular works as to identify free-will with random procedures, and to personify the notion of randomness, as if it were some mysterious principle working itself out in nature, instead of it being simply a useful though limited concept. There has also been a tendency to speak of brain processes as being random. In any case, the whole concept of randomness involves knotty epistemological problems: one thing is clear, it is a negative rather than a positive conception, and does not directly refer to any concrete event or series of events.



The late Mr. H. Stanley Jevons with a modern logical computer built for the Philosophy Department of Manchester University; on the left is a 'logical machine' built in 1869. The photograph was taken in 1952



In opposition to what we might call the middle period or dark ages of cybernetics, most psychologists seem agreed nowadays that trial and error behaviour is not simply a sequence of random activities, and that learning involves more than the gradual reinforcement of responses originally made at random. For example, the errors made during learning a task will not always gradually decrease, as is required by the theory, but may exhibit sudden drops, as if something akin to insight had occurred. Further, the kind of error made one day may be quite changed on the next. There is also operating from the beginning some factor which limits the range of the animal's responses.

Since there is a certain orderliness and predictability about the behaviour of man and beast, the concept of 'stochastic' processes has been taken over from statistics and introduced to deal with this characteristic of learning behaviour. These processes usually refer to probability distributions occurring in time, and the most interesting to cyberneticians are those where we consider the probability of one event as a function of the probabilities of other events. This may seem a little complex, but let me illustrate by taking a simple example of how this sort of notion works itself out in language.

### 'The Cat Sat on the ...'

If I say 'The cat sat on the ...' and stop there, then the likelihood of the next word being a noun such as 'mat' is high, whereas the probability of its being a verb such as 'live' is practically nil. In our language, then, each word has certain probabilities, some high and others low, of being associated with other words to form some specific sentence. Processes of this type have been extensively studied in communication engineering, and more recently have been transferred from that field to the study of animal and human behaviour. This ushers in what might be called the modern period of cybernetic endeavour, or the period of enlightenment.

Some cyberneticians have waxed enthusiastic over such procedures, or probability models as they are called, and have begun to use them as models for a variety of human behaviour. It is believed, for example, that any human activity which can be described in a finite number of steps can be translated in terms of these probability concepts, which may then be mechanised. In other words, we could construct an artefact which would simulate that form of behaviour.

The first difficulty about this contention is that we have no guarantee that all behaviour can be specified in this way. The description of some kinds of behaviour may involve a non-specifiable number of steps, and in that case they could not be mechanised. Further, to say that an artefact and a human being manifest the same probability structure is not in itself very helpful. All sorts of things in the world exhibit such probability distributions: colonies of bacteria, yields of wheat, and physical processes. What we would also like to know is the precise way in which they differ from each other. In other words, what characteristics mark off the biological and the psychological from the physical? Further, it has not yet been demonstrated that explanations in terms of causes, rather than mere frequency of occurrence, have outlived their usefulness in psychological studies. Even in physics there are still heretics, among whom Einstein was to be counted, who defend casual explanations.

Here I come to a new chapter in my story. Recently two American writers, Bush and Mosteller—one a physicist turned psychologist, the other a mathematical statistician—have written a book called *Stochastic Models for Learning*, in which they blaze a trail in the application of probability methods to learning behaviour. They have constructed a mathematical model which they claim is applicable to learning situations, where the animal or person has to choose between alternative courses of action. For example, in the case of a rat running a maze its behaviour can be thought of as exhibiting a series of decisions (though of a rather lowly kind) as to whether to turn right or left. The fundamental feature of such experiments, then, is that they involve a set of possible courses of action and certain events such as punishment or reward which alter the subject's tendency (or probability) to behave in certain ways. It is assumed that we are more likely to perform actions which are rewarded and less likely to perform those actions which are punished.

It is a basic assumption of their mathematical model that in order to evaluate the possibility of some future behavioural event we only need to know the probability of the event preceding it and we can remain in complete ignorance of the past history of the system. However, the fact that their model does not take sufficient account of the historical character of the organism is a weighty argument against it. One of the most important characteristics of organisms (as well as some

physical systems) is their historicity—their behaviour depending, if we are to believe Freud, upon very early events in the system.

Another feature of the model is that the time-order in which events occur is not supposed to affect the resultant behaviour. To this one might object by pointing out that in highly organised psychological systems—in Gestalt systems, where the whole is more than the sum of its parts—the order in which events occur is vital. The time-order of the given stimuli may play an important role in determining the kind of response you get. This may be seen in the most humdrum of human activities. If we gorge ourselves with chocolate before lunch it will tend to spoil our appetite, but a sweet taken after a main meal will probably add to its enjoyment. The importance of time-order also shows itself in the changes in an organism as we study it through time. As the organism grows, matures, and ages, different types of behaviour become open or closed for it. Even physics itself is today showing more interest in irreversible physical processes which have in this respect a certain similarity to biological systems.

Further, our authors are not concerned with the insides, or the psychological mechanisms, of their organisms. Indeed, they assume that the organism may use a random number table (or a roulette wheel) to generate its behaviour. The essence of such a table is that we cannot predict from any one number in it what the next one will be. These tables are of value when we want to eliminate bias in our experimentation, and usually entail a good deal of previous thought. Though a mathematician handling a random series may not be interested as to how the series is produced, whether by design or accident, the psychologist at least ought to be concerned with the specific mechanisms generating such behavioural sequences.

To say, as Bush and Mosteller do, that the organism can be thought of as if it had a random number table in its innards is simply to evade the issue. The concept of random activity is in any case far from simple, and seems ultimately to be based on what might loosely be called our instincts of fairness and propriety. As we have seen, our authors regard the organism as a probability device, a biological roulette wheel. They therefore compare some types of learning behaviour in the rat to certain types of statistical sequence. For example, the behaviour of a rat in a maze could be pictured as a succession of left and right turns, which at first occur in an irregular order and take on a regular pattern when once the rat has learned the maze. Such a series bears some resemblance to the conception of trial and error behaviour as a random process, where we start with irregular movements on the part of the animal, which gradually take on a well-defined behaviour pattern.

Bush and Mosteller therefore claim that they can generate artificial statistical sequences identical with that produced by a real live rat whilst learning. To these sequences they give the hybrid name of a 'stat-rat' (an abbreviation for statistical rat), which we are told is a sort of theoretical organism—a mathematical robot. It may well be that rats when running mazes do generate such simple sequences. And one is inclined to ask, so what? As we have already suggested, what differentiates the rat from that major instrument of probability theory, the tossed coin, is precisely the mechanism which generates such a sequence. This might, if we were dealing with an extremely intelligent rodent—a superior kind of 'Mickey Mouse'—be due to design: he might perhaps be fooling the experimenter. If we reduce the behaviour of a rat or a human being to the level of a tossed coin, where no other behavioural characteristics can be exhibited except that of turning right or left, it is not surprising that their behaviour takes on such a statistical character.

### Sudden, Unpredictable Changes

Further, to use probability concepts adequately for predictive purposes, one has to assume that the future behaviour of the system will continue in a well-defined way. The behaviour of the higher organisms, as we have already noted, often shows sudden, irreversible, unpredictable changes. Even language itself, to which the probability approach has been the most consistently applied, does not always show this constant character. To take an example, on one day the word 'zebra' may be relatively rare in our ordinary speech. Overnight, however, as a result of a Ministry of Transport order, it may become one of the most frequent words in our vocabulary.

What moral are we to draw from all this? It seems to me that one may perhaps apply probability and statistical concepts in agricultural experiments, without unduly bothering about the nature of the concepts used. In psychological studies, on the other hand, the assumptions implicit in probability theory may come in and bias our results.

—Third Programme



# Freedom and the Rule of Law

The second of two talks by F. A. HAYEK

**I**N my first talk\* I said that the rule of law implies a set of doctrines all designed to secure that coercion of the individual by the state can be used only where it is required by previously existing and generally known rules. With few exceptions these principles have all been developed in England. The two important contributions which we owe to America are a bill of rights which defines the protected sphere of the individual; and the assurance that the rule of law is not infringed by routine legislation. This is provided by the written constitution enforced by a supreme court which can declare laws unconstitutional. There is also one point on which England has curiously lagged for a long time and where the defect has been remedied only in recent years: the right of the individual to sue the crown, as distinct from its personal agents, for damage done to him by illegal acts. But otherwise all the major principles have been firmly established in this country for over 200 years and are still an unquestioned part of the political inheritance of the country—with one major exception to which the later part of my argument here will be devoted. I will rapidly run through the more important of those principles I have not yet mentioned in order to come quickly to the one crucial point where the rule of law is seriously threatened today and where other countries have developed important safeguards which Britain is lacking.

## Independent Judges and State Policy

In theory, at least, it is still unquestioned doctrine that the law ought to be general, equal, and certain, and that it ought to be administered by independent judges. This involves not only, as we have seen before, some degree of separation of powers and the recognition of the principle of *nulla poena sine lege*, but also quite generally that government cannot coerce the private citizen in the service of the momentary goals of its policy, but only where it is required by the general rules of law. Indeed, since Lord Camden's famous dictum of almost 200 years ago, that 'public policy was not an argument in a court of law', the independent judge is not supposed to be concerned with the particular ends the government is pursuing or even to know about them. Though we sometimes use the phrase that it is the policy of the law, for example, not to recognise contracts for immoral purposes, the word policy is here used to describe a general rule and not in the specific sense in which we rightly distinguish between law and policy and feel that a judge has no concern with policy.

I will not say anything here about all those procedural safeguards of the rights of private parties in any legal dispute in which English law has always excelled. But I hope nobody will think that I underestimate their importance when I add that their value depends on a full recognition of the rights they are intended to protect. This seems to me to be overlooked by all those who hope that by imitating the forms of court procedure the substance of impartial jurisdiction can be preserved. They forget that such jurisdiction presupposes the existence of recognised general rules by which the dispute can be decided.

The real essence of the rule of law, the purpose which all these safeguards serve, is to restrict discretion or arbitrariness of the authorities in wielding their coercive powers. In the process of government discretion of many different kinds is exercised, and these different kinds of discretion are often confused.

We use the term discretion first with regard to the powers of the judge to interpret the rules of law. But authority to interpret a rule is not really discretion in the relevant sense: the task of the judge is to discover what is in the spirit of the whole system of valid rules of law, a task of finding what precedent or the imperfect wording of the legislator have not explicitly decided but what should and could be expressed as a general rule. That the task of interpreting the law is not one of discretion in the strict sense appears from the fact that the interpretation of the law can be and usually is made subject to review by a higher court. Indeed, it is probably the best test of whether a decision is bound by rule and not left to the discretion of the authority that the substance of the decision can be made subject to review by such an independent body which needs to know only the existing rules and

the facts which can be supposed to have been known to the parties.

The term discretion is also generally used with reference to the relation between principal and agent as it arises throughout the whole hierarchy of government, from the legislature down to the lowest administrative organ. At every step of this hierarchy the question arises how much any particular agency is entitled to decide without referring to a superior authority. There can be no question that in this sense the administrative agencies of government, in managing the affairs of government proper, need as much discretion as the managers of any business. It can also not be denied that the jealousy of the legislature sometimes unduly hampers the necessary discretion of the executive. But this, though very relevant to the problem of parliamentary control, has little to do with the discretion which affects individual liberty.

The problem of discretionary powers in relation to the rule of law is not merely how to limit the powers of particular agents of government but how to limit the powers of government as a whole; it is a problem of the scope of administration in general. That the government, if it is to make efficient use of the means at its disposal, must be able to exercise a great deal of discretion, is not disputed. The important point is that the private citizen and his property are in this sense not an object of administration by the government, not a means to be used by the government for its purpose and in the way its agents think most expedient; it means that the only legitimate way of inducing the private citizen to use his resources for the common good is to make him obey general rules. Only in so far as administration involves interference with this private sphere of the citizen is the question of discretion relevant in our connection; and the rule of law requires in effect that the administrative authorities should have no discretionary powers of this sort.

This strict limitation of the coercive powers of the administration to what the law explicitly laid down was secured in this country in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century by subjecting all such action to control by the ordinary courts of law. When this principle was adopted an elaborate administrative machinery did not yet exist and it is probable that strict adherence to it has long delayed its growth in this country. David Hume described the position about two hundred years ago, in these words: 'though some inconveniences arise from the maxim of adhering strictly to the law, yet advantages so much over-balance them, as should render the English forever grateful to the memory of their ancestors who, after repeated contests, at last established that noble principle'.

## Dicey on Administrative Law

The problem presented itself differently to those continental countries which in the early nineteenth century, at a time when they had already evolved a complex and powerful administrative apparatus, endeavoured to follow the English example and to establish the rule of law. Until then the law which governed this machinery, the administrative law, had been outside the scope of any judicial control; most of it existed only in the form of internal and often secret regulations which were concerned more with regulating the duties of the officials towards their superiors than with limiting their powers over the citizen. 'Administrative law' in consequence in the nineteenth century became a by-word for arbitrariness and was not without justification regarded as the opposite of the rule of law. This view can still be found in a justly famous English work of the end of the century, A. V. Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*. That work for the last time restated the traditional English view of the rule of law and exercised great influence. By that time, however, Continental conditions had greatly changed and there had developed, particularly in France and Germany, new safeguards against the arbitrary powers of the rapidly growing bureaucracy, safeguards which England lacks to the present day. As Dicey himself recognised in his later years, the growth of the powers of the modern state had made the growth of a separate body of administrative law as inevitable in England as it had been elsewhere. But Dicey insisted that control by the ordinary courts was the only proper safeguard; by



that insistence he probably has delayed more than assisted the achievement of an effective subjection of the administrative machinery under the law.

The first inclination of the Continental countries, in particular in Germany where the development is most interesting although least known in this country, had been to imitate the English example and to entrust the control of the administration to the ordinary courts. But this proved soon to be both impracticable and ineffective where the main task was not merely to apply an existing law but to enforce and formulate rules or to elaborate principles which had been laid down by the law only in general outline. The chief reason for entrusting this task not to the ordinary courts but to new courts created for the purpose was that it required special knowledge and competence which the ordinary judges, trained chiefly in civil and criminal law, could not be expected to possess. But the administrative courts which in France and Germany received definite shape about 1870 were intended to be fully independent courts of law, entirely separate from the executive and different from the ordinary courts only by the kind of cases which came before them.

### A Political Argument

It is true that there had been also another and wholly different argument in favour of separate administrative courts: an argument which is irreconcilable with the preservation of the rule of law. This is the argument that the legitimacy of some administrative actions *cannot* be decided simply as a matter of law but will always involve questions of administrative policy or expediency. This argument has on the whole been successfully resisted in the shaping of the continental administrative courts but it has almost entirely governed the evolution of whatever separate administrative jurisdiction this country has so far had. According to this view administrative courts will be concerned with the aims of the government of the moment and therefore cannot be fully independent but must form part of the administrative organisation, subject to directions at least by its head. They are suited to ensure a uniform policy and proper subordination of the lower authorities to the intentions of the government, but they do not give to the citizen the protection of the rule of law. This can be achieved only by an independent judiciary which, whether separate from the ordinary courts of law or not, is concerned with the law only.

If such courts are effectively to safeguard the rule of law and the rights of the individual, they must have power to decide, whenever an infringement of the private sphere of the citizen is alleged, not merely whether the authority concerned had a right to act where it did but also whether the particular decision taken was required of them by law. The protection by the courts could of course be made entirely ineffective if the law gave the administrative agencies wide discretion to do within a given field whatever they think expedient and the courts had power only to ascertain whether the action was or was not within the discretion allowed. The continental administrative courts were created at least with the intention that they should ultimately control even the discretionary action of the administrative authorities. And although a change in the political climate which occurred soon after the establishment of those courts prevented this ideal from ever being fully achieved, a considerable degree of control even of what the law put in the discretion of the authorities has been achieved.

In Britain the development has been altogether different. Dicey's misunderstanding of the Continental arrangements had for a long time entirely discredited the conception of separate administrative courts. At the same time, and partly because the ordinary courts could not be expected to show much understanding of the complex problems of administration, legislation proceeded to exempt larger and larger ranges of administrative action from judicial review. This process has now gone on for a long time. When more than twenty-five years ago the then Lord Chief Justice raised the cry of 'New Despotism' many people still regarded him simply as a reactionary alarmist. But even then he was speaking of a development which had already gone on for a considerable time; he cited the case of a fellow judge who had pointed out before the first war that 'Parliament had enacted only last year that the Board of Agriculture in acting as it did should be no more impeachable than Parliament itself'. Since then the danger of this development has come to be widely recognised: when we find one of the latest Fabian Tracts entitled *Socialism and the New Despotism* the concern is clearly no longer a party matter.

The situation has in recent years become serious. After a long period in which the idea of separate and independent administrative courts

was held in contempt in Britain we have seen a proliferation of so-called administrative tribunals within the administrative machinery; these tribunals, though more or less bound to the forms of judicial procedure, are in essence courts of administrators enforcing a policy and not courts of judges administering the law. This seems to be regarded as inevitable and desirable. In one of the most widely used treatises on English administrative law we find it even represented as an advantage that such a tribunal 'can enforce a policy unhampered by rules of law and judicial precedents'. . . . Of all the characteristics of administrative law none is more advantageous, when rightly used for the public good, than the power of the tribunal to decide the cases before it with the avowed object of furthering a policy of social improvement in some particular field; and of adapting their attitude towards the controversy so as to fit the needs of that policy'. And, to show that this view too is not a party matter, we find it echoed in a Conservative Party pamphlet on the *Rule of Law* which argues of these tribunals that 'flexible and unbound by rules and precedent, they can be of real assistance to their Minister in carrying out his policy'.

If this applies, as it largely does apply, to the interference of administrative agencies in what used to be the private sphere of the citizen, in what John Milton called 'the root of all liberty, the power to dispose and economise, in the land which God has given them, as masters of family in their own inheritance', this is of course complete denial of the rule of law. It means that while the Continental countries have gradually striven to bring their administrative law under the rule of law, the British have accepted administrative law in the very sense which they once held in contempt. An eminent British jurist justly commented on this, in a recent study of French administrative law; 'it is *not* impracticable', he said, 'as in England is by some supposed, that the executive should be effectively subjected to a rule of law: the French have succeeded in the undertaking. It seems to me essential to the survival of *any* rule of law in England', he continued, 'that the executive should be speedily subjected to some rule of law'.

There is today in many parts of the world, and particularly in those countries which have suffered or have been threatened by a totalitarian regime, a strong movement under way for strengthening the rule of law. It found expression last year, at the first international congress of jurists held at Athens, in the adoption of the Act of Athens in which jurists from forty-eight countries solemnly urged the maintenance of the fundamental principles of the rule of law. Yet in the country which has been its original home and for 300 years has been leading in its development, the urgency of preserving it is still little recognised. The crucial issue to which I have been trying to draw attention is still regarded by most people as a legal technicality with which they have little concern. Yet unless it is generally understood that those apparent technicalities of administrative law concern the most basic issues of individual freedom, there is real danger that the country which has first achieved it may find that it has preserved less of the rule of law than most other countries of the western world.—*Third Programme*

## Survivor's Song

Tumble and break, my brittle words,  
Bricks from a building the blast has hit.  
A fine house it was; and I lived in it.  
Long ago. In all that street  
Nothing now is the same,  
Only the site and the name.

As once with boulders on the beach,  
With rubble I played a lonely game  
Or listened to the silly birds  
Who chirping, trilling, twittering came  
To mate and nest on rafters which  
Sway with the wind, hang in the air;  
And from the birds at last learned not to care.

But the cold murderers move again  
Towards the ruin I made my home.  
Tumble and break, my cracked words, then,  
Knights like the boulders on the beach,  
Break on their heads, though you'll make no breach,  
Batter their armour when they come.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER



# Advertising: the Impact on Society

DANIEL BELL gives the last of three talks

**W**HAT marks a great city if not its lighted signs? Passing over in an aeroplane, one sees, through the refractions of the night sky, the clusters of red, orange, blue, and white signs shimmering like highly polished stones. In the centres of the great cities; Times Square, Piccadilly, the Champs-Élysées, people throng the walks, and gather under the blinking neon signs to share in the sense of the milling crowd. The sight of these familiar cross-ways, with their crush of exotic displays, each seeking to catch our eye, quickens our emotions and provides a ready identification of home. This in turn has led us to identify cities by reference to the bright lights of their advertising.

If one asks, therefore, what is the social impact of advertising, the most immediate, obvious, yet usually unnoticed and therefore accepted, consequence is to transform the physical topography of the city. In so transforming the physical heart of the city, replacing the old Duomos, or municipal halls, or palace tower, advertising has placed its own 'burning brand' on the crest of our civilisation. It is the mark of material goods, the heralding of new values. For some, this mark, coarse, vulgar, flaunting its bad taste, is a mark of Cain. For others, particularly some American ideologues, advertising is the staff which points to a land of plenty, a promise of abundance.

## International Markets

In one sense, modern advertising differs only in degree from the function it has always performed, going back to the most primitive centres of exchange. The centre of a city is a market, a bazaar. But where in the eastern and Levantine bazaars stands the hawker with raucous or slyly insistent voice, there is now the neon sign, the radio, and the television, all amplified to a new economic and technological pitch. For where the market was once the range of a man's voice, or the limits of an open square within a crowded city, the market, now, with fast trucks, trains, and aircraft, is regional, national, and even international; and the marketing of wares adapts itself, technologically, to these vast geographical requirements.

But in extending the market, and in binding people together in new ways, modern industry and its handmaiden, advertising, do play a new social role other than hawking goods. Put most baldly, the function of advertising, of this handmaiden, is to seduce people, to make them dissatisfied with their standard of living, to make them want more and to make them work for it. Does not everybody want more? Not really. The desire for a high standard of living is a relatively modern, largely western, and until recently mostly urban desire. Almost all human societies, traditionalist and habit-ridden as they have been, tend to resist change. Peasants, rooted in the ways of their ancestors, find it hard to change their ways. Tribal and hill peoples, accustomed to a certain level of life, often will work only long enough to buy what they need, quit, and come back later to accumulate a new cache—to the dismay of a factory owner who needs a regular labour force. Nor is this only a phenomenon of so-called backward countries or underdeveloped peoples. In the salubrious climates of Australia, workers have practised what is called the 'darg and the nark' or the technique of limiting output to certain levels and work to certain hours so that they can quit and go to the beaches or to the races. Such a cockney hedonism may be fine for a relaxed way of life, but it plays havoc with a modern, high-gear mass production society which requires continuous output and a mass market to sustain it.

Hence the 'social function' of advertising: to stimulate wants, to make people work harder and earn more. If, crudely put, incentives are of the order of the carrot or the stick, then advertising is the shine on the candied carrot. (In Australia, so I am told, advertising is used to strike at the 'darg' through the wife. By making her dissatisfied with the drudgery of the home, while the husband is off to the races, she is goaded to goad him to work more in order to buy appliances for the house.) In that sense, advertising, and its help-mate the hire-purchase plan, are the two most fearsome social inventions of man, or weapons of woman, since the discovery of gunpowder.

Yet this function—to stimulate dissatisfaction—is relatively recent, for the goods that people want, the automobile, the washing machine, the radio, the television, electric iron, electric toaster, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, dishwasher, are all products of the last forty years or less. All this is part of the transformation, of the western world at least, to a high-consumption society.

## When Women Work

In a curious sense, much of this social change—and with it the growth of advertising—is due to the relatively recent emancipation of women: if one goes by the American experience, at least. For the rising demand for women workers in the offices, as stenographers and typists and clerical employees, beginning roughly about 1910, brought a whole flock of single women out of the home. These young women, achieving an independent income for the first time, started buying clothes, cosmetics, entertainment; and whole industries arose to cater for this need. Advertising got into its stride at the same time, as these industries began making their appeal to the female consumer. In the post-war years, the influx of married women into industry brought a new demand for durable goods like homes, cars, television, and for luxury items; and thus stimulated new advertising appeals.

Yet if America is a high-consumption society this is due to other and perhaps more basic habit changes, and, while few social processes can ever be attributed to one man, to the extent that they can one might argue that the revolution in consumption and spending patterns in contemporary America is due to Alfred P. Sloan, the man who is the grand panjandrum of General Motors. For it was Mr. Sloan who introduced the idea of the annual model change, and successfully induced the United States consumer to trade in his old car, and, much as a woman buys a new spring wardrobe, to seek a new one each year. Henry Ford, a crabbed, frugal man, of artisan habit, felt that the consumer would buy his Model T Ford, available usually only in black, and use it until it fell apart. For a long time Ford resisted the annual model change. Mr. Sloan proved him wrong, and in so doing introduced a new mainspring in the American economy.

The American economy today is an 'auto' economy. It produces 7,000,000 passenger cars a year. It absorbs vast quantities of steel, rubber, glass, textiles (for upholstery), leather, chrome, and so on. General Motors, in fact, is probably the most successful sociologist the world has even seen. It must produce a new car each year, sufficiently novel and attractive to entice a consumer to buy it, yet not so radically different from the old one as to cause it to lose its resale value too precipitously because it is outmoded. (The second-hand car is the poor man's car, which is one reason why there has never been a small economy car produced in the American market; why should the consumer buy a small car, even a new one, when he can have a big car, one or two years old, for the price of a small one.) In this delicate balancing, General Motors performs a feat of daring social engineering; and woe to the company which cannot match the trick—as Chrysler found out to its dismay a few years ago.

The trick, as in clothes, is subtle changes in styling. And much of the effort of automobile company executives, and of market research, goes into the diagnosis and manipulation of public taste. A few years ago, General Motors introduced a long, low look, with racy fins, which Chrysler kept its high, boxy, comfortable body—and fell back disastrously in the race.

## Whetting the Consumer's Appetite

What is the role of advertising in all this? Obviously, one cannot talk of advertising as a social fact in a vacuum. Advertising is an integral aspect of the consumption economy. Without the whetting of the appetite of the consumer, no annual sales turnover of any size would be possible. Of the ten biggest advertised products in the United States last year, nine were automobiles (the tenth was Coca-Cola). Over \$150,000,000 was spent on advertising alone to sell these cars.

(continued on page 1072)



# NEWS DIARY

December 18-25

## Tuesday, December 18

Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, announces relaxation of some of the emergency regulations

Government of Northern Ireland makes new plans for dealing with armed raiders

The Prime Minister states that fourteen-day rule is to be suspended for experimental period of about six months.

A Committee of Enquiry finds no evidence to support charges of bias in the B.B.C.'s Welsh Service

## Wednesday, December 19

Lord Radcliffe's constitutional proposals for Cyprus are published

Commons debate Hungary

Prime Minister makes statement about incidents in Northern Ireland

## Thursday, December 20

Hungarian Government publishes decree empowering police to imprison without trial people who endanger public order

In Johannesburg police open fire on demonstrators outside court where 150 people are being charged with treason

## Friday, December 21

House of Commons rises for Christmas recess

A White Paper is published about the casualties inflicted during the allied operations in Egypt

## Saturday, December 22

The British withdrawal from Port Said is completed

Fog delays trains and causes football matches to be cancelled

## Sunday, December 23

British technicians imprisoned in Egypt are brought home

The United Nations Command announces that its troops will be withdrawn from Port Said in two days

The Pope delivers his Christmas message

## Monday, December 24

Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, sees Sir Anthony Eden at Chequers

Snow falls in many parts of England

## Tuesday, December 25

H.M. the Queen broadcasts to the Commonwealth from Sandringham (see page 1055)

President Nasser informs a British M.P. that the officer kidnapped by Egyptians in Port Said was killed by his captors

# CHRISTMAS



Cinderella (Gloria Nord) arriving in her coach for the ball: a scene from London's only ice-show, 'Cinderella', at the Empire Pool, Wembley



Arthur Askey, who plays the part of Dame Clara Crumpepp in the pantomime 'Humpty Dumpty' at Golders Green Hippodrome, leading on the 'horse'

Right: the illuminated Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square, Norway's gift to London for the tenth year in succession. The tree will remain lit until January 5

We regret that the new President of the Royal Academy was incorrectly described on this page last week. The caption to his picture should have referred to him as Mr. Charles Wheeler, C.B.E.



# LIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS



ing act during Bertram Mills' circus which is now holding its thirtieth season at Olympia



A scene from the pantomime 'The Wonderful Lamp' at the London Palladium: the market-place in Peking. Norman Wisdom, who plays Aladdin, is seen on the extreme right. With him, left to right (foreground) are the Emperor of China (Fisher Morgan), Princess Yasmin (Stephanie Voss), and Kamar, son of the Grand Vizier (Tom Gill)



The fairground scene from Enid Blyton's play for children, 'The Famous Five', at the Hippodrome. Her other play, for younger children, 'Noddy in Toyland', is at the Stoll Theatre (matinees only)



(continued from page 1069)

The emphasis in all these advertising appeals is on glamour. A car becomes the sign of 'the good life' well lived. This appeal of glamour has become pervasive. A consumption economy, one might say, finds its reality in appearances. What one displays, what one shows, become the marks of success. Status is the spur, and status is demonstrated in the different 'badges of consumption'. Getting ahead today is not a matter of rising up a social ladder, since there is not one distinct scale, but in having a 'nice modern house', and all the appurtenances that go with it. And groups develop different 'status styles'. The major styling changes that are introduced, say, in the high-priced cars, quickly become translated into the medium- and low-priced ones, just as a Dior model is quickly copied on 'Seventh Avenue', New York's mass-production garment centre. Driving a Cadillac is at first a mark of success, but in a democratic economy, when the badge becomes too easily purchasable, the manufacturer begins to worry about his investment, just as General Motors is worrying now that so many Cadillacs are being bought by Negroes and members of minority groups in an effort to display the badge of their social advancement. So, in an effort to meet this problem, it brings out a new, even more exclusive model, the El Dorado Brougham, and limits its sale, over the first year at least, to only 1,000 customers. The advertising men themselves and the intellectuals seeking to be different set a new status style by buying 'foreign cars'—the Jaguars, Hillman-Minxes, Porsches, and Volkswagens.

### 'Mediating' Functions of the Advertiser

But in a complex society like the United States, with its radically new impulses, advertising also performs a number of new 'mediating' functions. The United States is probably the first large-scale society in history to have change and innovation 'built into' the culture, and many problems arise because of the bewildering rapidity of social change. Few societies are 'built', so to speak, to absorb quick change. Their major social institutions—church, educational system, family—are set up to transmit the established habits of the society. A society in rapid change, therefore, inevitably produces confusions about appropriate modes of behaviour, of taste and dress. A socially mobile person has no ready guide for the acquisition of new knowledge on how to live 'better' than before. His guides become the cinema, the television—and advertising. In this respect advertising begins to play a more subtle role in changing habits than merely stimulating wants. One of the roles of advertising, in the women's magazines (all of which are the products of the consumption society), the house and home magazines, and the sophisticated journals like *The New Yorker* is to teach people how to dress, to furnish a home, the wines to put away, the cheeses to cultivate—in short, the styles of life appropriate to new middle-class status. Though these changes primarily influence the style of life, manners, morals, dress, taste, food habits, and standards of entertainment, sooner or later they affect the more basic patterns—the structure of authority in the family, the role of children and young adults, and ultimately the different goals of achievement in the society at large.

All this has been done by gearing a society to change and the acceptance of change. Selling, in fact, has become the most striking activity of contemporary America. Against frugality, selling emphasises prodigality; against asceticism, the lavishness of display. No creature is more uxorious today than the American consumer, and this submissiveness drives him to buy. But in the process of imploring, the aural nerve of *homo Americanus* has been tightened to the most excruciating pitch. These are the negative aspects of advertising.

'You taught me language', said Caliban, 'and my profit in 't is, I know how to curse'. Many a person, subject to the hackneyed jingle, the raucous voice, would repeat Caliban's curse. The American citizen, as *Fortune* once noted, lives in a state of siege from dawn to bedtime: 'Nearly everything he sees, hears, touches, tastes and smells is an attempt to sell him something . . . To break through his protective shell the advertisers must continuously shock, tease, tickle, or irritate him, or wear him down by the drip-drip-drip of Chinese water torture methods of endless repetition. Advertising is the handwriting on the wall, the sign in the sky, the bush that burns regularly every night'.

To carry on this assault, a whole new industry has arisen. In the United States today, there are 3,300 advertising agencies employing 45,000 persons. In addition there are a whole host of subsidiary crafts, photography, modelling, broadcasting, printing, that are employed indirectly by this great battering ram, and often with what waste! What can be more stifling and soulless than harnessing the talents of creative

artists and writers to turning out minute-long cartoon strips, or thirty-second jingles that will 'sell'. More invidiously, ever since Gerald Lambert of the Listerine company took out of the British medical magazine *Lancet* the word 'halitosis' and then by intensive repetition of the word in widespread advertisement infected all America with the fear of bad breath—making \$20,000,000 in the process—advertising has concentrated on arousing the anxieties and manipulating the fears of the consumers to coerce them into buying. And today, those efforts, once hit-or-miss, are with the aid of psychologists highly systematised.

### Effects on Mass Communication

Beyond these socio-psychological effects, modern advertising has had a radical economic consequence on the structure of mass communication. As Mr. Crosland has pointed out in the first talk in this series\*, heavy advertising is one of the factors which lead to oligopoly—that is the domination of a market by a few great firms who can afford the heavy expenses entailed. Similarly, the costs of reaching a mass audience fosters oligopoly in broadcasting itself and reinforces the unique position and power of the modern patron, the commercial sponsor. In effect, Big Business sits at the controls of mass communication, and becomes one of the major arbiters of taste, often with deleterious consequences. There are no simple answers to such problems created by the economics of television. One major chain in the United States has sought to reduce the power of the individual sponsor by employing 'the magazine concept'. In commercial radio, as in commercial television, the sponsor used to control the show, the editorial content, so to speak, as well as the advertising copy. Under the new arrangement, just as a magazine sells pages but retains control of the editorial content, the chain produces the shows and sells only the advertising time. But who then controls the network? In the last analysis, it can only be the demand of the consumer, his own education and taste. And, in recent years, one must admit the commercial networks in the United States have begun to show a more responsible attitude in providing programmes of good taste.

I have dealt mainly with the United States because it is the area I know best, and because, with more advertising than any country in the world—over \$9 billion last year alone—the United States shows perhaps the direction in which other countries may follow, or which they may avoid. There is more advertising in the United States, however, not because salesmanship is a peculiar American virtue, or vice, but because of the comparative opulence of the country. As Professor Galbraith has written: 'A hungry man could never be persuaded that bread that is softened, sliced, wrapped, and enriched is worth more than a cheaper and larger loaf that will fill his stomach'. But in the opulent society there is a new motor of competition, not the rationality of price but the irrationality of multiple product. This arises because of the growth of what sociologists call 'discretionary spending power'. In the United States since 1950, the number of consumer spending units with after-tax income of \$4,000 or more has about doubled: there are now almost 26,000,000 such units. (By 1960, there may be 36,000,000 such units.) Four thousand dollars is roughly the income line at which consumers, having taken care of their basic needs, have money left over to 'shop around'. In an economy producing so many varied goods, there inevitably ensues intensive competition for this 'discretionary dollar', and that is why advertising in the future will assume an even more pervasive role than before.

### A Reflection of Irrational Desires?

For many persons, the entire apparatus of advertising, its major social roles as I have described them, are irrational. This may well be. One can plead in partial answer that this may reflect only the irrationalities deep in man or woman themselves—the desire for status, the desires, like the plumages of birds, to display. But, more than that, advertising is part of the form of the 'mixed economy' which western society has developed in the last fifty years, wherein the incentives to work, and the control of tastes and production are not directed by some centralised authority but are dispersed among many, sometimes competing, units. In that sense, advertising plays an irrational, yet necessary, role in that type of society.

One major question remains. There is the fear that such enormous pressure creates a standardisation of taste, a conformity—and uniformity—in the style of life. Such fears, it seems to me, arise out of an oversimplified image of society—as if society were some *tabula rasa* with a message that could be mechanically imprinted upon it. If anything,



the reality is in the opposite direction. People with low standards of living tend to lead common styles of life. What characterises American society today is not only a rising income level, but a vast increase in the number of people with education: this year, there will be about 2,500,000 young Americans in college, while the number in the college faculties alone is about five times the Third Programme listening audience. These new middle-class groups seek to be different, and in so doing create not one mass market but many new minority markets—for quality books, classical records, Scandinavian furniture, 'hi-fi' gramophone sets, and the like.

The desire for so many different things creates not a conformity of standardised product but variety; and, in the constant shifting of taste, inevitably large waste. Waste is an image that shocks a utilitarian or a Fabian temper, but just as parliamentary disorder and slowness is often the price of political liberty, so waste is the price of free consumer choice.

It may well be that many of our fears are excessive, that the pliability of the consumer, like that of the 'indoctrinated' communist youth, is an exaggerated fact. Certainly if one freedom remains, then hope is never lost: it is the freedom—not to listen.—*Third Programme*

## What Is Religion About?—IV

# The Universal Family

By JOHN MACMURRAY

**T**HE celebration of communion is one of the two universal functions of religion. The other is the creation of a universal family, and it is to this function that I shall devote my final talk. Like all things human, religion is not born full-grown, and its primitive stages do not fully express its nature and functions. We have therefore to distinguish between primitive and mature religion. Primitive religion is primitive because of its limitation, which is the limitation of the community which it celebrates. The development of religion indeed is hard to distinguish from the development of society; not because it is an aspect of social development, but because the development of human society is itself a religious development. Why this must be so we have noted previously. What makes a human group human is the consciousness of the common life, and religion is the expression of this consciousness. In some sense, the development of human community depends upon a development in the consciousness of community, and so on a development of religion.

## The Bond of Affection

A primitive society is based on blood relationship; it is a kinship group; though we should remember that this includes its dead. Consequently, its religion is confined to those who are blood relations. Blood relation is mere biological fact: but, as we saw, a human community is a matter of intention. To put it otherwise, what constitutes the unity of a family is not that its members are in fact related by blood; but that they care for one another, and so hold together. These two things—the fact of blood-relationship and the personal bond of affection—have no necessary connection. Blood relations may not love one another; and groups of people who have no natural kinship may be bound together in friendship and form a community. So from the earliest times there have been ceremonies of adoption, by which a stranger is made a member of the kinship group. The adopted child is counted a member of the family though he is not so by birth; and this means that membership does not necessarily depend on blood relationship.

The first stage in the development of religion is the discovery of this, and of its implications. Since religion is always concerned with the consciousness and the intention of community, it will inevitably come to define community in terms of consciousness and intention, not of biological fact. The implication is that any group of human beings can form a community—can be brothers in a family, since any two people can be friends. Consequently, there are no limits set by natural fact to the membership of a human community: they are all limits of consciousness and intention. All men, therefore, can be brothers and the human family is potentially universal.

The first great stage, then, in the development of religion runs from the primitive tribal religions, each sanctifying the fellowship of its own kinship group, to the emergence of the universal religions. A universal religion is one in which the idea of the universal family, of the brotherhood of man, has been brought to consciousness. The second great stage will run from the emergence of the idea of a universal brotherhood to its realisation. For it is a profound mistake, though a common one, to imagine that religion is concerned only with ideas and beliefs; only with propagating the idea of the universal family and not with bringing it into being. Karl Marx, indeed, thought that religion was the popular form of idealism. On the contrary, idealism and religion are at bottom

incompatible. For real religion, human brotherhood is not an idea to be contemplated but a task to be achieved.

Even in primitive society the function of religion is not limited to the celebration of communion. Within the common life animosities arise, so that friendship is broken and needs to be restored. One member may do injury to another or to the whole community, and restitution must be made: or a group within the community may become alienated from the rest, and then there is a need for reconciliation and atonement. Religion has therefore the task not merely of celebrating the communion that exists but also of restoring the communion that has been broken. It must concern itself with all the disturbances of personal relations, and learn to overcome them. It must discover and learn to use the means for turning hatred into love, for overcoming jealousy, eradicating malice, substituting for self-interest a will to serve the community. In a word, it is the business of religion to effect the transformation of human motives. What makes this possible is that it is natural for people to be friends, and where they are at enmity it is because of fear. This we have considered: now we may add that the supreme problem of religion, and therefore the supreme problem of human life, is the overcoming of fear.

We see now why the methods of religion and of politics are so different, and even antagonistic. Politics must take human motives as they are, and find means to maintain social co-operation even between hostile and self-interested groups. In the end, it must appeal to self-interest and use the threat of compulsion, which is itself an appeal to fear. But religion must never accept human motives as they are; its task is to change them. It cannot be satisfied with an external unity of co-operation; because its business is to achieve an inner unity of mind and spirit, a fellowship of affection.

For a universal religion this aspect of its function—the restoration or the creation of fellowship, where it is absent—must become primary. For it implies an actual community of people whose communion it celebrates. But this actual group is possessed by the idea of the universal community of mankind, and has voluntarily accepted the task of realising it. Consequently this religious group thinks of itself as potentially universal; as the present representative of the coming community of the world. It intends, not its own existence as a limited and independent group, but its own transformation into the universal family.

## An Open Society

The methods it can use for achieving this objective are dictated by the nature of its problem. It must be an open society. This means that any human being can become a member of it if he will. No difference which is mere matter of fact—like race or nationality, colour or sex, for instance—can be a ground of exclusion. Anyone who remains outside does so because he refuses to come in. That is the first condition set for it, because the moment it excludes anyone, except by his own refusal to join it, it ceases to intend a universal community. The second condition is that the community must reject the use of force, either to extend its own membership or to defend its own existence. The reason for this is a simple one. You cannot compel people to be friends; you cannot remove the fears that stand in the way of friendship by an appeal to force. It must be, therefore, a free society, where there is no compulsion to membership, a society which is constituted by the



fact that its members care for one another; and this 'caring' must be real, not a matter of ideas or feelings but practical and material. In relation to the world outside also it must be unafraid; never on the defensive. In a word, it must be the kind of community of which no one need be afraid; all the fears which keep people outside it must be unreal and unnecessary.

Such a human community, by being potentially universal, by refusing to defend itself, and by caring openly and actively for all its members, can offer its fellowship to all men everywhere with a sound hope of success; since what it exhibits in its own life, and what it offers to others, is the answer to the deepest and most personal need of any human being—the need to love and be loved. It can prove the *bona fides* of its offer by caring actively and disinterestedly for those outside it in their human needs. To see this is to understand two of the most famous injunctions of the Christian Gospel, the injunctions to meet injury with forgiveness and to love your enemies. These are not high ethical ideals. They are simple common sense. They are the only means and the necessary means for the task the Christian community has undertaken. For if we meet injury by insisting on our rights—on penalties and reparation—we perpetuate the break in fellowship which the injury produced. If we refuse to meet hostility with love, all hope of transforming the enmity into affection, and so of extending fellowship, is gone. The principles of what is sometimes called the Christian

ethics are simply the rules for creating the universal family. We fear them because they demand of us a total objectivity—an objectivity not merely of thought but of emotion and of will.

So we return to our starting point—that religion is about the salvation of the world—but with a fuller realisation of the means to that end, the self-devotion of a religious community which has abandoned security in order to create a common life and a common fellowship of all mankind. Something like this, though imperfectly and with mixed motives, was accomplished by Christianity in the Dark Ages, when it created the unity of Christendom, which transcended then, as it still transcends, the boundaries of all the political unities within it. Today events are thrusting us rapidly forward towards some kind of effective world unity. In the present medley of traditions and nationalisms and conflicting political creeds this unity, if it were forced upon us, could take only one form—a military dictatorship wielding overwhelming force, a sort of universal Roman empire. It could not be a free democratic unity, because the possibility of democracy depends upon a common way of life. Co-operation may be produced by force and fear. Community needs a common intention grounded in the conviction, in all its members, that they belong together in the unity of a fellowship. That is why I began by saying that religion is about the salvation of the world. To this I add that the only way of salvation for the world is the creation of the universal family.—*Home Service*

## Six Virtues for Authors—VI

# Audacity

By REX WARNER

**O**FTEN, listening to the music of Mozart, I have wondered to myself: 'What on earth is he going to do next? How is it possible for this beauty to be sustained? How can he end this theme without some sort of repetition? How can a transition from this kind of perfection be made to another kind?' And of course I am in the end invariably surprised and delighted. Within the limits (if you can call them limits) of a style that can always be recognised the divine musician is always appropriate, always unexpected.

## Writing that Makes You Sit Up

For the purpose of this talk I give this kind of perfect unexpectedness the name of 'audacity'. It is something brilliant, both in vision and in technique. It is exactly the right thing. It makes you, as they say, sit up. It is what you would never have anticipated. Something of this quality must be present in all writing that is worth reading. After all, there is no point in reading something you know perfectly well, and no point (except to make money) in writing a book unless you believe that you have something to say that has not been said before, or that you are capable of arranging matters in some unique way.

But I must try to distinguish the audacity of which I am speaking from other qualities in a writer which may also have the effect of unexpectedness. For example, I would not necessarily apply the word 'audacity' to a book which is 'daring' because it contradicts some sexual or political convention. Such books may have this great quality of audacity (James Joyce's *Ulysses* does have it), but more often, I think, they are lacking in it. What I am trying to define is, in the first place, a quality of style and vision; it need have no moral or intellectual merit. Often what is paradoxical about its unexpectedness is that we do not realise that we are being surprised. It is the kind of daring, I think, that Aristotle had in mind when he said that the mark of a really great poet was the ability to discover a good metaphor—to see likenesses in dissimilar things, or dissimilarities in things which appear to be alike. Thoughts, images, and words are brought into unfamiliar associations, and, a further point, what delights us most is to find that what was unexpected is also true. Yet, as I said before, we are not always immediately aware that we are being surprised.

Sometimes we are. Certainly there is something immediately breathtaking in Shakespeare's words: 'Daffodils, That come before the swallow dares and take The winds of March with beauty'. If we have to reflect after the initial impact of these words has been felt on why it was we were so startled and delighted, a number of thoughts will occur. There is the rapidity, lightness, and precision of the metre

which is so appropriate to the theme of spring, of daring, of winds and flowers. But we know that on other themes Shakespeare will use the same metre quite differently. I think what we really admire him for here is the way in which he has put dissimilar things together, at the same time making us know that he is in some sense speaking the truth, and is heightening and widening our consciousness by the daring genius shown in a metaphor. This is audacity: the accurate venturing into a particular kind of truth. For there is a sense in which Shakespeare's lines are both untrue and difficult to understand. The fact that daffodils appear in England before the arrival of the swallow does not mean that the swallow is lacking in daring; and when we hear 'take the winds of March with beauty' it is possible to complain that the verb 'take' might mean either 'to receive passively' or 'to captivate actively'. Such ambiguities may distress pedants, but they are of the essence of daring, and I should suggest even of truth in literature. Here the stationary, or almost stationary, flowers are brought into the continuously, rapidly moving world of winds and swallows, and while retaining their identity they both impart and receive beauty. The violent rushing movement, the fragile and soft virginity of spring are brought together and shown to be miraculously one. That is what Aristotle would call a good metaphor.

## Slow Elaboration

But one does not always have to be startled by audacity. It is sufficient to be delighted. And sometimes audacity is shown not by a swift, perfect, and almost violent use of words and keenness of vision, as it is in the lines from Shakespeare I have just quoted, but by a method which is slow, elaborate, almost explanatory. Take, for example, the last lines of the famous ode in Horace which concerns Regulus, the Roman general who was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians and then sent by them to Rome, after promising that, if he failed to secure peace, he was to return to Carthage—and probably be tortured to death. As is well known, Regulus opposed the idea of peace and, in spite of the entreaties of his family and friends, kept his promise and returned to Carthage to suffer his fate.

Horace in this ode wishes to give a picture of ancient Roman virtue, the putting of country before self and the insistence on keeping one's promises at whatever cost to oneself. He is concerned, too, to show that this kind of virtue is accompanied by a strange and sublime calm: 'no weakness, no contempt', as Milton says. And instead of merely writing that Regulus left Rome, did his duty, and remained dignified and at ease with himself to the end, Horace introduces a wholly



different and contrasted idea, gently and somewhat elaborately, but with such admirable audacity. Regulus knows well enough what tortures await him among the savage Carthaginians, but he pushes his way through the crowds who are imploring him to stay, just as if he were some great noble who has had a busy day in the law courts and is now going off for a holiday on his estates.

*Tendens Venafranos in agris  
Aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum*

Literally: 'On his way to the Venafrian country, or perhaps to Lacedaemonian Tarentum'. And again, from the point of view of sensible workaday prose, these lines must seem senseless. Regulus was not in fact going to these places with long names, and it could be said that there is no point whatever in reminding the learned or unlearned reader that Tarentum, which does not come into the story, anyway, was originally founded by the Lacedaemonians. Yet the words are terrific in their impact. The poet has wished to express calm of a certain kind, one element of which is the good man's contempt for danger and personal suffering. Yet how he widens and amplifies and intensifies his theme! The savage torturers, the agitated crowds, the weeping wife and children are transformed by being juxtaposed with something wholly different—the easy, lazy image of a hunting holiday after a good day's work, a literary or antiquarian reference to place names. The grasp and fusion of opposites is so brilliantly successful that we do not even notice immediately how appropriate the antiquarian 'Lacedaemonian' is to an example of a Roman virtue which can compare with any of the tales of heroic Sparta.

So far, I have given instances of audacity which have been taken from great poets, and in both cases the poets have, in different ways, created something beautiful, true, and unexpected. But the virtue is not confined to poetry, and, though its exercise is always, in a way, beautiful, its product or result is not necessarily entirely beautiful or entirely true. Take Swift, for example, one of the most audacious (in my sense of the word) writers in prose. In his *Letter to a very young lady* he has occasion to deplore what he considers to be the excessive interest which women take in clothes:

As Divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employs more thought, memory, and application to be Fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful.

So far, so good. The style is Swift's, and it is a style which makes everything forcible; but the moralisation is not anything much out of the ordinary. This is because he is building up to the audacious conclusion of his paragraph. These words follow:

When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who has more diverting tricks than any of you; is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in Velvet and Brocade, and for ought I know would equally become them.

### Frightening as Well as Beautiful

The beauty of this kind of audacity is again in its precision and in the bringing together of differences in a manner appropriate to the author's vision. Women and monkeys are, in fact, as we know, very different creatures; but there would not be much difference if we were to assume that women literally did nothing else but think about 'diverting tricks' or pieces of coloured material. In making, or pretending to make, this assumption Swift is enabled to express himself in a peculiar and surprising way, and succeeds both in extending the range of our thought and in greatly intensifying it. The effect is rather frightening. And audacity can be frightening, as well as beautiful and illuminating.

Often you will find the particular audacity of an author expressed in the very first sentence of his work; for he may wish (I do not say that he always or necessarily wishes) to plunge us immediately into the unique world which is already shaping itself in his mind. Sometimes he startles us. Take, for example, the beginning of *Moby Dick*: 'Call me Ishmael'. At once the thoughts of the desert and the outcast are in front of us; we are excited towards and prepared for the story of the monstrous sea and of the fanatical hunt. Or take the beginning of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*: 'On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. Bridge'. It looks obvious, but it is not. It is exactly appropriate to the story of youth, poverty, crime, and punishment which is to follow, and appropriate, too, is the very next sentence, which reads: 'He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase'.

Perhaps an even more ironical audacity may be noticed in the first sentence of Mr. E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. 'Except for the Marabar Caves—and they are twenty miles off—the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary'. Here the very lightness and apparent off-handedness of the writing suggests to us what is in fact true—that before the book is over something very extraordinary indeed will take place in the Marabar Caves.

You will find audacity in Dickens and in Jane Austen, in James Joyce and in Virginia Woolf, in Graham Greene and in Elizabeth Bowen. But you will not find it in authors who lack a style which is identifiable. The reason for this is simple. Audacity is a virtue of discovery and illumination. No writer who is a discoverer or an illuminator can fail to possess an individual style, since the style really is the man, or the man in his creative aspect. The discoveries of literature are not like the discoveries of science or journalism. They are not a recital of facts, however important these facts may be; they are not a record of experience, however interesting and unusual this experience may be; they are not in the propounding of any idea or theory, however challenging, admirable, or correct it may be. The discoverers use facts, experiences, and ideas, and go beyond these; they make something new. And those writers who are creative—who are capable, let us say, of a good metaphor—live in their words. The matter and the form are inextricable, identical, unique.

### A Discovery and a New Expression

Are we, I wonder, approaching any nearer to a definition of this quality, this virtue of audacity which, as I see it, is so essential an element of all good writing? Let us recapitulate: it is something which surprises, it is something which delights us because of its perfection and preciseness; it is a bringing together of opposites or of things that seemed dissimilar; it is a step in the dark, but exactly the right step; it is a discovery; it is a new expression. Really, this is not a definition at all. You cannot define creation or indicate the darkness which will be made manifest. You can only look, as we have looked briefly, at examples of what has happened before; and there are plenty of them.

Can we learn from these examples? Can the virtue be taught, acquired, or developed? I think that the answer is 'Yes', but, unfortunately to a limited extent. Let me use an obvious and unadacious metaphor. We may study, applaud, and even, up to a point, understand the art of some great cricketer. But we shall not ourselves be selected to play for England, because there is something which, for all our study and appreciation, we have not acquired. What is that? Unfortunately it is everything. We simply cannot hit the ball in the same way. Yet we may be slightly consoled. It is not quite everything that we lack. We can tell the difference between luck and mastery, between style and boorishness. We have learned something. Here this particular metaphor breaks down. I do not wish to suggest that by cultivating audacity and by studying it in others we are merely equipping ourselves to be critics; and I certainly do not agree with those who say that, in our days, criticism is more important than creation. No; in attempting to develop whatever audacity we were born with, we must have a creative, not a critical, aim. We must aim at vision and understanding, at detecting the secret connectedness of things and their infinite variety.

Yet with any amount of study, of observation, of interest, and of scholarship the virtue may still remain inaccessible. For, though it may be fostered in hard work and by deliberation, what is chiefly characteristic of its activity is its effortlessness and its uncanny ease. It is a gift of the gods, it happens like youth or beauty or like life itself. It is the sudden unpredictable departure from the imagined straight lines of invariable necessity, the slight deviation, the creative principle, our evidence of freedom and what, if we happen to think, must make life worth living.—*Home Service*

The report of *The National Gallery, January 1955-June 1956* (12s. 6d.) has now been published. It is the second of these reports to appear since the war and it is beautifully illustrated with reproductions of recent acquisitions and cleaned paintings. In their introduction the Trustees point out that since the last report five more rooms have been re-conditioned and other improvements are being considered to overcome the difficulties caused by the damage done to the Gallery during the war. The Trustees welcome the provision in the Finance Act of 1956 which allows chattels of 'outstanding aesthetic or historic interest' to be accepted by the Inland Revenue authorities in discharge of death duties. They record gratitude for grants towards the purchase of paintings by El Greco and Velasquez and for the increase of their purchase grant from £10,500 to £12,500; but they consider that a request for an annual grant of at least £80,000 errs, if at all, on the side of modesty.



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## University Education at Keele

Sir,—It is encouraging to think that Mr. Stevenson considers that the bulk of listeners to the Third Programme would be familiar with the academic scheme at Keele. That many people now know that there is some scheme of general education involving the humanities, social studies, and the experimental sciences, I would admit. However, the evidence we have here indicates that even among university people the ignorance of what we do, particularly in the Foundation Year, is considerable. It seemed important in framing the talk, therefore, to give some definition to the means by which we try to keep in mind both breadth and depth in university education.

Mr. Stevenson claims that 'the public' feels some uneasiness over aspects of what is done at Keele. If he means some people criticise what we do, I spent some time in stating some of the criticisms and trying to make some kind of reply to them. I should have been glad to have had more time to mention others and to try to answer those as well and then the talk might have been more satisfying to Mr. Stevenson and 'the public'.

Mr. Stevenson goes on to ask a few of the questions which he says are being raised at present. Has a Keele-trained physicist command over his subject and is he not *ceteris paribus* inferior to his competitors from Cambridge? I wish I knew what *ceteris paribus* meant in this context. The important thing about comparing Cambridge and Keele is that the *ceteris* are not *paribus*. Those who teach physics in any university have to make some definition of the essential bases of the study, of which every person undertaking it must be in command. In addition, the teachers of physics must give scope for applying these basic principles in various fields. This kind of application and extension of knowledge can proceed indefinitely according to the time available and the capacity of the students and the teachers.

Mr. Stevenson's question, I think, may be re-phrased as follows: Does the Keele-trained physicist know as much physics in detail as an undergraduate of similar ability who has spent more time working in the field of physics? The answer to this question is clearly, no. But another question follows from it: Does the candidate who spends more time in the field of physics than the Keele-trained physicist know as much chemistry as the Keele-trained man? Again the answer is, no. And if one may continue the interrogation, two further questions arise: Is a physicist, well trained in the bases and with command of a considerable range of his subject, and similarly trained in chemistry, a valuable addition to the ranks of university graduates and is it important that such a graduate has also undertaken ancillary studies in politics and philosophy? At Keele we think so, otherwise we should not be in existence. Mr. Stevenson asks whether such a graduate is 'inferior' to the physics specialist. To say yes or no to this is to encourage prejudice and partisanship. It is in a real sense a pointless question.

Mr. Stevenson wants to know why we have not included in the Foundation Year some study of Chinese civilisation and its relation to the West and why we do not have some account

of the development of the English system of jurisprudence. The variety of knowledge indicated by these two questions points to the answer. We have paid attention to the development of western civilisation and we are as aware as anybody of the limitations that we have put upon the range of subjects we study in the Foundation Year, but three things must be clear: first, we have concentrated on emphasising the continuity in transmission of thought and institutions in western civilisation; second, such a programme is bound to take into account, though not as a lawyer would, the development of legal systems; and, third, there are many different ways of teaching such a course and we could easily supply Mr. Stevenson with many other topics which might be included in his list if he chose to plan the course in another fashion—in fact, we have never taught the Foundation Year in precisely the same way for two years running since it was started. It seems that Mr. Stevenson is criticising us for not including subjects which he considers important while not taking into account the principles on which the subjects which are included have been chosen. We should be the first to admit that this course may be arranged in many different ways but the prior questions are: Do you believe that general education of this kind is important? and: Are you prepared to find some means of putting it into some kind of framework?

I am asked if I can confute those who charge that Keele 'attracts those who have had a poor education'. This is another ambiguous question which may be answered in a dozen different ways. Does it mean: Do heads of schools send only their worst students to Keele? Does it mean that education at Keele is best for those who have been narrowly departmentalised at school? Does it mean that Keele is so hard up for students that it will accept anybody with the barest qualifications? And so one might go on multiplying the possible questions, the answers to which could clarify what Mr. Stevenson might mean.

I do not want to make this letter unnecessarily long so I will end by quoting two facts. First, we accept into the College from schools only those who are properly qualified for university entrance, as in any other red brick university. Second, for about 180 places last year we had over 900 applicants. I do not want this to be overstated so I must make clear that many of these 900 applied to other universities as well, but in fact entrants have to satisfy the College on interview, in academic record, and on the reports of the heads that they are suitable persons. For every applicant accepted there have been at least two other eligible candidates who have not been admitted. And this scale of competition mounts every year. Perhaps these facts will help to reduce the puzzlement which Mr. Stevenson again ascribes to 'the public'.

Yours, etc.,  
W. A. C. STEWART  
University College  
of North Staffordshire, Keele

## Man as a Whole

Sir,—It is commonly assumed that Englishmen are misinformed about America only by their countrymen. Professor Nef's broadcast (THE LISTENER, November 29) shows that this

is not true. English readers would do well to take with a tumblerful of salt his account of American university and intellectual life. For one who declares himself 'committed to the search for truth', some of Professor Nef's statements are nothing short of extraordinary. For example, of George Herbert Mead of the University of Chicago, Professor Nef says:

Like all the other pragmatists at that time, he took the line that whatever was happening in business, education, politics, or entertainment would almost inevitably have a good result, morally, spiritually, and aesthetically, as well as materially.

This is false both of Charles Peirce and William James, the founding fathers, so to speak, of American pragmatism. The latter was notable for his criticism of many facets of American life, especially its 'worship of the bitch-Goddess Success'. This is false of John Dewey, the most influential of all pragmatists. Dewey was one of the severest critics of American business, education, and politics down to the very year he died. He was in the van of almost every important liberal protest movement in America. This is false of George Herbert Mead. Professor Nef may have loved his guardian but he has not the foggiest notion of what he taught. Mead denounced the whole doctrine of inevitability as a superstition common to both mechanistic and absolute idealistic philosophy. He accepted Dewey's experimentalism, contrasted 'the laboratory habit of mind' (Peirce) with the shabby apologetics of those who identified the real and the reasonable, and interpreted American social experience as an opportunity to use creative intelligence in behalf of the freedom and welfare not of an *élite* group but of the entire community. He looked forward to a society in which 'revolution would be institutionalised'.

Professor Nef's observation is false of every other leading pragmatist (Tufts, Kallen, Bode, *et al*) who has concerned himself with the themes he mentions. All have been vigorous critics of dominant tendencies in American life and culture. To be sure, pragmatists have not accepted Professor Nef's medieval premises and have recognised 'the promise of American life'. But far from entailing an acceptance of the *status quo* or surrender to a wave of the future, their philosophy has sought to provide a direction for social action, to humanise our industrial order in order to improve and enrich the quality of individual experience. They have set themselves to overcome the dualism between humanistic and technological education as well as other forms of dualism.

The pragmatists who, according to Professor Nef, 'not only lost their own critical faculties but dimmed those of their students and colleagues' were in fact critical of excessive specialisation long before him, and not only in education but in social life. They sought to discover by reflection and experiment the best institutional means by which to achieve not the unity of knowledge or truth, whatever that may mean, but the unity of man conceived as a moral and psychological task, not a metaphysical or theological one. In the end the great problems of philosophy for the pragmatists are the problems of men. In this they agree with Plato, Aristotle, and the leading figures of the classical



tradition. But in contradistinction to Professor Nef, they believe that these problems, whether eternal or not, are problems in the modern world, that scientific knowledge is our most reliable knowledge in meeting them, and that traditional metaphysical systems rest largely on confusions. They may be wrong but the last thing any fair-minded opponent can say of them is that they are uncritical of the world they live in.

How far off the beam Professor Nef is in his report of the thought of American pragmatists may be gauged from the following paragraph in which John Dewey speaks of the philosophical heritage of William James:

And right here is the point at which philosophy today, in my judgment, has most to learn from James. Science, yes by all means. James was himself trained as a scientist more than other American philosophers of his day, save Peirce.

In matters where scientific knowledge is lacking or defective, the work of science is to be promoted and the conclusions reached are to receive our utmost loyalty. But these very statements are not themselves conclusions of science. They are expressions of a faith which is rooted in hope and desire; they manifest a resolve. They illustrate the fact that even with possession of the most extensive scientific knowledge there remains the question of the human ends to which it is to be devoted. That question involves in the most profound and urgent way our desires and our purposes—all the things of the emotional and volitional make-up of human nature.

The rapid advance of the physical sciences has for a long time been putting to philosophy the question of the bearing of the method and conclusions of science upon the conduct of human life. The present world crisis proposes in the most stark way the question whether science is to be used for destruction or for creation. To take the ground that philosophy has nothing to do or to say about this question is to promote the belief that it can be settled only by a clash of forces in which science is used to attain superiority in armed conflict. To take the ground that the chief business of philosophy, its most distinctive function, is to show how desire and ideas, purpose and knowledge, emotion and science, can co-operate fruitfully in behalf of human good, is to take our stand where James stood a generation ago. [Italics in original.]

Space does not permit me to explore Professor Nef's assumption that only when the

curriculum of the university is organised around some metaphysical or religious dogma can we overcome specialisation and disunity in the minds of men. But the examples of the medieval, Soviet, and Nazi universities, organised in this way, show that every orthodoxy outlaws free inquiry as a form of heresy. They do not recommend themselves to free men for whom scientific method is not only a basis for belief about things or events in experience but of scepticism concerning them outside of it.

Yours, etc.,

New York University SIDNEY HOOK

### 'The Prose of Rupert Brooke'

Sir,—Mr. Hassall writes:

The principle of selection which your reviewer deplores involves only those pages drawn from Brooke's two already published volumes, a fraction of the whole.

The fraction in question seems to be somewhat over one third. When is a fraction not a fraction? When, in fact, does it become an infraction?

But this is mere quibbling compared with what must be said of Mr. Hassall's main point, which is that

the principle of compression has undoubtedly led to a general strengthening of the *Letters from America*. By the exclusion of weaker material they have gained in readability and pointfulness what they have lost in journalistic bulk.

(The reader may recall that by 'compression' is meant the silent dropping of paragraphs without regard—in my own view—to the preservation either of logical continuity or of due proportion.) Mr. Hassall's surgery on Brooke's prose has obviously been performed with the very best of intentions; but surely the principle enunciated could not be more pernicious? Whether I myself am right or wrong in regarding the silent omissions as deleterious is really beside the point: the point is that Brooke wrote his prose one way and that Mr. Hassall has reproduced it in another—which would be bad enough in itself, but is worsened by the entire lack of indication that any alterations have in fact been made. If editors, not content with editing their texts, are going to start 'improving'

them as well, where are we? Chaos is come again. Not that it can really be said ever to have gone away.

I did not wish to imply precisely that this book was 'masquerading' as a Collected Prose. But it does seem to me that, if you call a book *The Prose of Rupert Brooke* and print this title without qualification on both cover and title page, then it might very well be bought under the misapprehension of being a Collected Prose by persons who had not troubled to consult 'the prefatory note in general, and the footnotes in particular' in the bookshop. Would not *Selected Prose of Rupert Brooke* have met the case with more accuracy and better conscience?

Mr. Hassall's final point, I am afraid, quite eludes me; I can do no more than reprint two of his statements side by side:

I am in a position of authority to confirm the publisher's claim that this book 'omits nothing of his work in prose that would repay study'.

A notable omission is of course the brilliant analysis of the style of Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, but to this the specialist reader is referred in the Introduction.

I intend shortly bringing out a little volume called *The Plays of William Shakespeare*. It will consist only of a silently condensed version of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'. The specialist reader will be referred to some other plays from the same hand in the introduction. I do hope Mr. Hassall will not be too disappointed when he gets it home and opens it.

May I repeat however that *The Prose of Rupert Brooke* seems to me most worthwhile and stimulating and, with these sole reservations, entirely to be recommended?

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

HILARY CORKE

### National Character

Sir,—Following Mr. Cripps and his four quotations on national character (THE LISTENER, November 29), does he or any other reader know the author? I used the descriptions in a broadcast in 1948, and first heard them from an Australian in the early nineteen-thirties. His source was a Canadian toastmaster at a Sydney dinner party soon after the first world war. Can anyone help?—Yours, etc.,

Shrewsbury

M. G. PRICE

## The Father of Russian Marxism

(continued from page 1064)

provoking a civil war, and with it the danger of counter-revolution; and was duly denounced by the Bolsheviks and their fellow-travellers as a compromiser, a reactionary, a chauvinist, a westerner out of contact with the Russian masses, a bourgeois traitor to the working class. He argued that socialism could be established in Russia by the votes of the majority only in conditions of an expanding economy, requiring some degree of collaboration with other left-wing and liberal parties; and, as a prerequisite, the defeat of German autocracy. He was famous and revered but scarcely anyone listened to him. The views were too moderate, the accent too civilised.

The October Revolution had cast its shadow long before. When it came, he denounced it with all the biting eloquence at his command. His chronic consumption had grown worse in the cold and hungry Petrograd of 1917, and he took to his bed. He expected to be arrested or

assassinated, and on the second day of the revolution a party of soldiers and sailors forced their way into his bedroom, ransacked his papers, threatened to shoot him, and finally wandered off with vague insults and menaces. Someone complained to Lenin. He seemed genuinely shocked. Plekhanov was the greatest figure in Russian socialism, and the dictator himself recognised a deeper debt to him, intellectually and politically, than to any other living man. An order was issued that the personal property of citizen Plekhanov was to be protected in the future. But he was fatally ill, and died on May 30, 1918, in a sanatorium in Finland, denouncing to the very end Lenin's betrayal of all they had both fought for, and his unchaining of violence and hooliganism in the land. His funeral turned into a vast, orderly, and moving demonstration of his oldest friends, the Petersburg factory workers.

In the last article by him to be published in

Russia he recalled sardonically that the leader of the Austrian socialists, Viktor Adler, used to say to him reproachfully 'Lenin is your child', and that he used to answer, 'But not a legitimate one'. Attitudes towards him in his native land have remained ambivalent. The Soviet fashion to this day is to say that he was virtually infallible until, say, 1903, and after that, having diverged from Lenin, lost all virtue. The centenary celebrations of his birth in the Soviet Union are being conducted in the same spirit of uncertain admiration. The dethroning of Stalin has led to some patronising praise of Plekhanov as on the whole the most formidable enemy of the cult of personality. His writings are again cautiously discussed, not least those among them which have acquired a peculiarly poignant meaning in this day and hour. For events have borne out his gloomiest prophecies on a scale undreamt of even on the rain-swept day when his body was carried to its grave.

Third Programme



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

**T**HERE can be no question of re-discovering Gaudier-Brzeska, for in this country at any rate there has never been anything like an eclipse of his reputation. Even so it is impossible not to be surprised as well as impressed by the large Arts Council exhibition at 4 St. James's Square of works drawn from many sources, including America. As the production of an extremely young man during no more than three years—and the last piece of sculpture was carved in the trenches out of the handle of a tooth-brush—these sculptures, pastels, and drawings can only be described as a prodigy, and certainly no comparable talent has appeared in this country in the present century.

Gaudier was set down in England, it must be remembered, at the moment when everyone had been knocked off his perch by the post-impressionist movement. There was a cloud of theory, and lesser talents which had assimilated the new manner were apt to be thought of more importance than greater talents which had not. At the same time Gaudier was subjected, or subjected himself, to a host of influences from the remote or recent past and the variety of styles in his work is bewildering. Yet in almost everything that he did, whether it was near to pure abstraction or, like the bronze entitled 'The Idiot', as closely observed as a Rodin, he worked with a decision and certainty that might seem to imply years of practice in whatever style or manner he was for the moment using.

It is quite impossible, as it would have been with Picasso had he died young, to predict how Gaudier's art would have developed or even to decide in what direction his principal talent lay. Some of the more realistic figure sculpture, the pastel portraits in the *fauve* manner with their sharp perception of character, the drawings of animals and the extremely witty drawings of riders in the park may suggest that by going in for more abstraction he would have lost too much that was fascinating and vivid in his sensibility. Yet it must be admitted that he was able to practise an extreme degree of simplification and stylisation without any apparent suppression of feeling. It may be partly the result of the date at which he worked, at the beginning of a movement, but a carving like 'Stags' seems to be much more the result of research and enquiry, much less deliberate and preconceived, than any comparable work of an equal degree of abstraction produced at the present time. It is a genuine primitive in a way that no such sculpture of today, however much it may look back to Negro or Mexican sources, could really hope to be.

Robert Bevan, also at 4 St. James's Square, is the fourth artist of the Camden Town Group whose works have been shown by the Arts Council, and the least well known of them. The exhibition is of great interest because it shows that Bevan's work was much more various than has hitherto been supposed; he has generally been known as a painter of horses and occasionally in his paintings there even appear strange

reminiscences of the ever-popular work of G. D. Armour, but in fact he was at Pont Aven in 1894 with Gauguin and painting like him even at this early date. His style is apt to oscillate between an extreme and sometimes rather bleak formalism and a kind of impressionism, as in 'Ploughing on the Downs', which is diluted with rather too much realistic detail. But in between come his most successful works, such as the best of his scenes at Tattersall's or a London view like the 'Cumberland Market' (No. 21). He seems to have painted mainly from drawings and for this last picture there is a study in watercolour which is one of the most sensitive of all his works. The lithographs he did towards the end of his life show yet another aspect of his art; in the precision with which the forms are placed they almost resemble a charcoal drawing by Seurat.

Removed from a somewhat obscure annexe by the Imperial Institute, the Victoria and Albert Museum's collection of Indian Art is now disposed in the main building. A glance at the illustrations of any text-book of Indian art will show how extraordinarily moderate the English have been in removing major works of art from India; the country may be full of Benares brass-work but decidedly not of sculpture of the Gupta period or medieval bronzes of Shiva dancing. Accordingly a small room now houses the really important sculpture, such as the fifth-century sandstone torso of a Bodhisavatta, while the primary collection of textiles, miniatures, and works of applied art occupy a much larger space. But it seems likely that, well arranged as the collection now is, it will be much more generally appreciated in its new home than when it could be seen only by crossing the

road; this former segregation seemed to reflect the unnecessary suspicion with which too many critics have in the past approached Indian art.

Experts on early twentieth-century art will appreciate the rarity and preciousness of several of the drawings now being shown at the Hanover Gallery. Picasso's small but exquisitely finished gouache of 1912 is an obvious collector's piece, and there is a cubist drawing by Braque of the same period, a still life in pencil by Gris, six drawings by Modigliani, two by Kandinsky, and a careful study of the Eiffel Tower by Delaunay. Bettina's paintings on silk at the same gallery have a marked refinement of touch and technique, but their whimsical sentiment may not appeal to every taste. An exhibition of early English watercolours at the Leger Galleries is worth a visit if only for the sake of the two Cotmans and the beach scene by Francis Towne.

Two recent books on architecture in other lands are *Modern Architecture in Brazil*, by Henrique E. Mindlin, preface by Professor S. Giedion, and *New German Architecture*, introduction by Hubert Hoffmann, text and captions by Karl Kaspar, translated by H. J. Montague (both Architectural Press, 84s. and 56s. respectively).



'Sophie' (pastel), by Henri Gaudier-Brzeska; from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Early Netherlandish Painting from Van Eyck to Bruegel.** By Max J. Friedländer.

Phaidon. 2 gns.

**Dutch Painting.** By Jean Leymarie.

Translated by Stuart Gilbert.

Zwemmer (Skira). 8 gns.

**Dutch Still Life Painting of the Seventeenth Century.** By Ingvar Bergstrom. Faber. 4 gns.

THE FIRST OF THESE VOLUMES will be welcomed by scholars, the second by specialists, and the third by those who want to make a handsome New Year's present. All three offer varied attractions to a wider public.

Friedländer's magisterial survey was written some forty years ago and now we have an English translation. It is wholly fitting that so eminent a scholar—the doyen of art historians—should receive a tribute of this nature. At this moment it seems that the task of the reviewer should be not to assess that which, by common consent, is regarded as the work of a great scholar but to consider whether it is presented in a manner worthy of its author. The format is dignified and impressive, the notes supplied by Dr. Grossman are helpful, and the illustrations abundant. It must, however, be said that these could have been rather better. The effect of Flemish painting depends upon clarity of outline and precision of detail; here these qualities are too often lost in a certain fuzziness and imprecision of tone, and in one case—that of Van Eyck's Arnolfini portrait—someone has carelessly removed quite an important area on the right hand side of the picture. A certain fuzziness and imprecision may also be noticed in some passages of the translator's English, although these lapses are not sufficiently grave or numerous to obscure the clear and straightforward manner in which Friedländer tackles his subject. It is not suggested that, despite these blemishes, this is not a very useful volume and one that it is pleasant to possess.

*Dutch Painting* is a sumptuous affair, heavy with glistening colour plates, most of which are of very high quality. Skira has a deservedly high reputation for work of this kind, and yet there are moments when he seems to be at fault. Are the colours of Pieter de Hooch's 'Interior' in the National Gallery quite as hot and foxy as they are made to appear? Can Vermeer really have used such a vile sharp crimson as is here to be seen in the 'Officer and the Laughing Girl'? Here, as in *Netherlandish Painting*, the translation of language is not unlike the translation of images. Mr. Stuart Gilbert has, I suspect, been set an impossibly difficult task; for although Mr. Leymarie gives a very adequate account of Dutch painting and has much to say that is both informative and sensible, there are times when he indulges in that kind of high-flown speculation and generalisation which is tolerable in French but not in English.

In the case of Hr. Bergstrom's enormously careful and thoroughgoing study this parallel between reproduction and translation cannot be maintained. Some of his illustrations are very good, others decidedly poor; the text is uniformly excellent in its sobriety and lucidity. The question is: who wants to read it? Specialists and amateurs, no doubt, and historians for whom it will be a valuable work of reference; the rest of the world may find its matter, though not its manner, tedious. It is the fault of northern

art that, when it is not inspired by genius, it falls easily into triviality. The graceful ornamental quality of so many minor southerners is lacking and we are left with nothing save a tedious examination of microscopic details. Even Friedländer's speculations, not to speak of those of M. Leymarie, tend to pall when they are not concerned with the giants of the Low Countries. Set beside these titans the host of Dutch still-life painters seems almost like a regiment of pygmies, the greatest of whom rises only to decent mediocrity. It is interesting to notice how few still lives appear among the illustrations to *Dutch Painting*, Balthasar van der Ast, Roelandt Savery and even De Heem being unrepresented.

It is a paradox of painting, and one very clearly presented by these books, that the best still lives have not been painted by still-life painters (Chardin was very far from being a specialist). It seems necessary, if apples and eggs are to be invested with that monumental quality which Cézanne and Velasquez could give them, that the artist should be ready to look at other things. The history of still-life painting has therefore its importance for us today: if we turn away from the splendours of nature in her larger aspects we do so at our peril.

**Emperor Penguins.** By Jean Rivolier.

Elek. 15s.

The Emperor Penguin is the largest and finest of all the living species of penguin, and also the one about which, until recently, least was known. It is confined to the Antarctic where its comparatively small numbers appear to be steadily decreasing; it will, in all probability, be extinct at no very distant date. And in the Emperor penguin we see for once a species whose approaching extinction is part of the normal course of nature and is not to be added to the black record of man's dealings with his wild neighbours.

The Emperor certainly does things the hard way. The birds spend the short Antarctic summer at sea, and come 'ashore' on to the sea-ice at the beginning of the Antarctic winter to lay their eggs and rear their young. They assemble in rookeries, and after due and stately courtship ceremonies, they pair off and the single egg is laid. Within twelve hours the hen passes the egg to the cock, for like King Penguins they make no nest, but carry the egg supported on the upper surface of the feet where they brood it by squatting down so that a fold of the fat abdomen covers it. The hen remains with the cock for about another twelve hours and then leaves him. She walks twenty or thirty miles or more to the north, seeking the sea at the edge of the ice. On reaching open water she plunges in and spends some weeks feeding in the sea. The cock sits alone through the fearful blizzards of the long Antarctic night for two months, and then at last the hen returns. By this time the egg is on the point of hatching, and she brings some two pounds of food in her crop to feed the youngster. But if she is delayed so that the egg hatches before she returns the chick is doomed to death from starvation, for the half-starved cock, emaciated by his long fast, has nothing to give it.

But if all goes well she takes the egg in time, and the cock goes off to sea to have his first meal for three months or more. The chick grows quickly so that it loses its baby down and is ready to go to sea in the spring with the adults when they have completed their moult. But 'the

odds against survival are heavy and only a quarter of the number born will live to see the spring'. No other bird has to face such appalling physical conditions in its breeding season, and it is little wonder that each year 'fewer leave and fewer return until finally there will be none left'.

One of the largest of the very few known Emperor penguin rookeries assembles annually not far from Port-Martin, the French antarctic base in Adélie Land. This book by the medical officer of the third French expedition, which spent thirteen months at the rookery in order to make an intensive study of the birds, tells practically all that is now known about these splendid creatures. It also gives a very lively account of the author's experiences, and of his companions. Although he disclaims any pretence to 'heroics',—he emphasises that the expedition was there 'to do a job of work—he had some tough adventures. He points out that the cardinal virtue for a member of such an expedition is patience, 'to enable him to start all over again something he thought over and done with, to go on waiting and waiting until the weather decides to let him move on. Some few must find the patience to be slowly frozen to death in a small tent before they find freedom in the end of life on earth'.

The author is fortunate in his translator who has done his work most skilfully. It is a pity, however, that the pack is often called the 'barrier'—it is a barrier, but the name has a different and special meaning in Antarctic terminology. The photograph of an embryo penguin and its membranes in a circular glass dish is not an 'X-ray photograph of the egg', and the 'sharks' that gobble up the Emperors in the sea are Killer Whales. But the book is excellent in spite of these few blemishes and an occasional misprint.

**Sequences. Poems by Siegfried Sassoon.**

Faber. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Sassoon has long retreated from the hurly-burly of the profession of letters, as it is articulated in the twentieth century, largely on commercial fuel. His dislike for this vast machine has led him to cultivate the literary habits of a hermit, such as Cowper preferred two hundred years ago.

The effect upon Mr. Sassoon's verse has been immediate and lasting. The satire, the anger, on which he rode to poetic fame during the first world war, have grown into another form under the impress of solitude. The satire has hardened into irony, a larger and more generalised mood; the anger has subsided and deepened into a Hardy-esque sorrow over the fate of all human purposes and hopes.

Why a poet who began, as Mr. Sassoon did, upon so incisive and concentrated an impulse should have found his more lasting forms in the idiom of Thomas Hardy is likely to intrigue the critics a century hence. For it is most probable that the small output of poetry from this latterday Wessex hermit will survive to be considered and re-considered, long after more seemingly original and certainly more fashionable verse has been deposited by the arch-critic, Time. Many readers of the post-war generation, used to broken measures and verse that eschews melody, will be impatient of the traditional shapes of the poems in this new collection of Mr. Sassoon's verse, this marmoreal word-carving with a Virgilian smoothness. They would



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be well advised to take a second look at it, for the simplicity of phrase, the direct lucidity of meaning, are liable to fail upon a palate fed habitually with highly flavoured imagery and tickled with obscurity. Such a line as 'The large untidy February skies', for instance, may be merely a dull statement, until one begins to savour the depth of quality in it, the Tennysonian accuracy of observation, and the way in which it is fitted, with disciplined subservience, into the remaining seven lines of a tiny, lapidary lyric.

There is some justification for a reader to suggest that the collection as a whole is of too monotonous a mood, whose purpose is to lament the coming on of old age, though the spirit within the stiffening frame is still able to recollect the fervours and eagerness of youth. Not even the tranquil resignation, that counterfeits serenity, can wholly enliven this mood. A hearty visitor, intruding upon the solitude and meditations of the poet, might urge him to snap out of it; but in doing so might make the same clumsy mistake as did the 'man from Porlock'.

One has to listen with close attention to these quiet musings, and to accept the deliberately interpolated Hardyisms, which Mr. Sassoon might be thought to present as a connoisseur of all things melancholy.

*Just thinking . . . Yet it may be that  
My thought, which for a moment held  
What seemed mind-life's epitome  
From infancy to old,  
Spoke the one word in all my time  
To make endured existence known  
Even as it is. Accept your soul.  
Be evermore alone.*

There are the two voices in that lyric; and one of them is Hardy's, not merely imitatively, but summoned as advocate to justify the trend of personal taste, both in life and letters, which Mr. Sassoon has so emphatically chosen. That 'from infancy to old' is a phrase which could not have been coined without the whisper of that mossy old mentor over Mr. Sassoon's shoulder. It is not as though Mr. Sassoon resigns himself into imitation. The old passion, the rebellion and even savage criticism of society, are not so far below the surface of this hermetic serenity.

*I stood below a beech  
And said to stillness, teach  
Tranquillity. I told  
Dumb patient earth to hold  
My unquiet mind from speech.*

That unquiet mind is the keynote to this poetry, as it was at the beginning of this poet's career. Like the leopard, he has not changed his spots.

## The Post-War Condition of Britain

By G. D. H. Cole.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 40s.

'Any book that attempts to deal with current statistics', says Professor Cole, 'is bound to be out of date in many respects before it appears'. Still more out of date will it be in twenty years' time. This fate has overtaken that useful book *The Condition of Britain*, which was published by Professor Cole and his wife in 1937. All this is true, but while it lasts this new book, which is no mere re-hash of the earlier one, will be invaluable to students of economics and the social sciences, and to anyone who wants to have a balanced account of our condition today.

Professor Cole has brought together the statistical information available on such topics as population, the class structure, production and consumption, trade and prices, profits and

monopolies, the social services, education, health and local government. The material is drawn from a variety of sources, and presented with a commentary on such trends as are revealed when the present is compared with the past. Statistics make notoriously dull reading; in fact, as such, they are unreadable. Professor Cole's outstanding achievement lies in the skill with which he lures one from table to table. Of course it will be used mainly for reference, but Professor Cole has a story to tell. On the whole it is a success story, but, like all economists—and doubtless they are right—he sounds a familiar note of warning. They are the moralists of our time, always telling us to do something we don't want to do or to refrain from enjoying ourselves. We don't produce enough, we spend too much, we ought to invest more, and we all want more money. However, Professor Cole's verdict is that the outlook is 'unpleasant rather than disastrous'; let us be thankful for that.

## Rebuilding St. Paul's after the Great Fire of London. By J. Lang.

Oxford. 42s.

This book tells in narrative form the story of the conception and realisation of the St. Paul's Cathedral that we know today. The whole enterprise is exceptionally well documented with letters, diaries, official warrants, minutes of committees, building accounts, drawings and engravings, which have survived in such fullness for hardly any other building of comparable importance, and of these Miss Lang has made good use. Moreover, the whole story has a quality of unity through the personality of Sir Christopher Wren, who was concerned with the Cathedral even before its destruction in the fire of 1665, and by a combination of character and longevity was able to impress himself upon every phase of it.

The writer has contrived successfully to make the account fascinating to those without technical interest in architecture or the processes of building—and this is no mean achievement. It is not perhaps generally realised how rare is the opportunity to study the whole process of a great enterprise of the past in all its aspects, personal, political, social, and economic. The rebuilding of St. Paul's affords all this, and as a religious enterprise is directly related to the central preoccupation of seventeenth-century England. The variety of interest is extraordinary, ranging from the financing of the scheme, partly by subscriptions, voluntary and made under pressure, and partly by the tax on coal imported into London, to the perils of the sea transport of stone from Dorset in time of war. The result is a book which tells us far more about the late seventeenth century than many at first thought might expect.

It is noticeable that the quality of the book improves greatly after the early parts, for Miss Lang's weakest points seem to be in her handling of some of the personalities involved and a certain winsomeness of style. When she reaches the chapter entitled 'Stone' and she is dealing with problems of the real business of organising the supply of materials, especially stone from the Portland quarries, and the actual erection of the building, the book gets into its stride and not only is the material quite as fascinating as the more speculative questions of the preliminary stages but one feels that she is more at ease and the whole quality of the writing improves.

There are indeed so many sides of seventeenth-century life to be treated in this book that it would be asking too much of any person to be equally qualified to deal with all of them, and those which require the equipment of an

architectural critic have proved the most difficult for Miss Lang. There is a passage comparing St. Peter's with St. Paul's which does more credit to her loyalty to her subject than to her critical acumen and historical sense, and her discussion of some of the preliminary phases of design of St. Paul's are not all that one might wish. But it is a great thing to have this work done and done as well as in this book.

The Oxford Press has made a very handsome thing and Miss Lang and her publishers are much to be congratulated on the choice and quality of the illustrations.

## Aristotle's Poetics

By Humphry House.

Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.

If the student of literature wants to know how far Aristotle's theory explains the practice of the Greek dramatists he will get no guidance here. This is a statement, not a complaint: in these eight lectures given to freshmen at Oxford, House preferred simply to explain what Aristotle wrote, not also to criticise it. The reader, if he is not a member of Oxford University, can only regret that Oxford terms are not much longer.

House treats the *Poetics* not as an ancient monument in literary criticism but as a coherent part of Aristotle's philosophy. The reader is referred, continually and with profit, to the *Ethics* and the *Politics*—as for example in connection with *ethos*, 'character'—though not to Aristotle's biological studies or metaphysics, both of which help to explain aspects of the treatise which are otherwise puzzling. For instance, House writes: 'We know that his *Politics* was founded on the study, in detail, of 158 Greek states, and there is good reason to believe that the *Poetics* was preceded by a similar examination of Greek plays'. No doubt; but in that case why is Aristotle so clear about the different types of constitutions, while he ignores the differences, no less marked, between tragedies like the *Oresteia* and 'tragedies' like the *Ion*?

However, making full use of recent work on Aristotle's political and ethical philosophy, House has written what is, in the reviewer's opinion, by far the best short account of the *Poetics* available in English. Many topics, as House points out, are perforce omitted; what is said on the important ones—mythos, hamartia, catharsis, and the rest—is based on good Aristotelian evidence, and is usually cogent, never perfunctory.

The vigour of his criticism may be judged from his treatment of the dull patch in the *Poetics* where Aristotle recommends that the poet should reduce his story to its bare elements, omitting proper names; then 'extend it by working in episodes'. House argues that, as to the first point, Aristotle means that the story should be deliberately detached from myth or legend in order that it may be considered purely on its merits as story; and that the second point has regularly been distorted by mistranslation, since the verb which is rendered 'to insert episodes' (or the like) really means something much more sensible, namely 'to organise the material into appropriate stages'—into 'acts'; which is 'the essential activity of the poet as maker'. (In place of the term 'to episodise', which House used with reluctance, 'to articulate' might be suggested; this would recall the Aristotelian metaphor of the work of art as a living animal.)

Sometimes it is not so easy to agree with House, as for example when he argues that the word *spoudaios*, used of the tragic action and of the character of the personages in tragedy, must mean 'ethically good' and not 'serious' or 'important'. It is easy to think of 'tragic actions'



(as in the *Agamemnon*, *Medea*, *Trojan Women*, *Hecuba*) which are not 'ethically good', so that if House is right, Aristotle is wrong—a possible situation, but one which deserved comment. But House forgot that Aristotle himself says that Poetry is more *spoudaios* than History, and here 'ethical goodness' is out of the question.

The style of the lectures is as austere as are the limits which House imposed upon himself; but austerity and Aristotle are old friends, and at least austerity gives no cover to woolly thinking, of which there is none here.

### An Introduction to the French Poets.

Villon to the Present Day. By Geoffrey Brereton. Methuen. 25s.

Three Centuries of French Verse, 1511-1819. By A. J. Steele.

Edinburgh University Press. 25s.

The French poets, not French poetry. Not the *Pléiade*, the *Précieux*, the *Parnassians*, the *Symbolists*—but Villon and du Bellay and Racine and Nerval and Valéry. Dr. Brereton's approach, working through individuals, is certainly the best for an English reader who must live down the suspicion that all French poems were written to illustrate a poetic theory or to adorn a school. This is not to say that Dr. Brereton shuns the classifications, indeed he could scarcely do so, for in France the making of poems is the most self-conscious of literary activities and few poets have been able to refrain from writing an *art poétique*. But this is not a professor's book, it is not docketed information; it communicates a personal passion for an astonishingly wide range of poetry. Only at one point does the passion falter, and this is precisely where the French poetic tradition is most French and, least like our own. The English do not feel at ease with their poets until they have tucked them into the English Heritage where they can share an amateur status with cricket and cathedral music; Blake can be accommodated as a curious pet, but it is difficult to manage the professionals Dryden and Pope. The French, on the other hand, despatch their poets to the Academy, not to keep them quiet, but to reward them for professional services to the French language. In a Cartesian world *la poésie Française* is marginal to the prose in which the national genius articulates its dream.

*Enfin Malherbe vint*. How does Dr. Brereton meet that prodigious entrance? The effect can be foretold from his response to du Bellay: 'It is possible', he writes, 'to imagine a noble at some ceremony, or a captain among his soldiers, speaking in just such a way . . . Behind the words is always the personality of the speaker—proud, stiff, a little distant from his audience in spite of his desire to impress them. It is not difficult—remembering that Montaigne's prose has a comparable flavour—to recognise the voice of the aristocratic amateur, uninfluenced as yet by feminine salon-society'. That is a just observation, but it prepares us for the moment when Dr. Brereton finds Malherbe a 'laborious and unimaginative writer' and likens his influence to that of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Leavis. Of the man himself he can only say that 'he was incorruptible and unrewardable'; of the verse: 'With a solid competence, but also with a certain complacency, the well-made lines are placed in position one after another'. But this is to miss something essential to the French tradition, as if an art-critic found Chardin a bore. Francis Ponge, that most French of modern poets (he does not figure in Dr. Brereton's index), has defined this central point:

*Malherbe, Horace, Mallarmé—les écrivains par-dessus tous les autres parce que leur monument est fait de la véritable sécrétion commune du mollusque homme, de la chose la plus propor-*

*tionnée et conditionnée à son corps, et cependant la plus différente de sa forme que l'on puisse concevoir: je veux dire la PAROLE.*

But it would be grossly unfair to over-emphasise this one point where Dr. Brereton's sensitive understanding of French poetry seems to have wavered, for he has written a brilliant and fascinating book. His power of summary and condensation displays exceptional insight; he pins down his specimens with the ferocious skill of an entomologist. Hugo, for example:

Hugo was too successful for the well-being of the Muse. He democratized her, as he claimed, leaving it painfully difficult for her to alter her status in the future.

And here is all Leconte d' Isle:

An indefinite apprehension broods over this opulent solidity. Absurdly one hesitates to lift the silver cover of the bacon-dish lest underneath should be the head of the Count with its staring eyes.

But there is also the profound critical wisdom which, for instance, really illuminates the difficult figure of Claudel: 'His muse is not self-conscious. She cannot be ridiculous because she is present only in her argument, whose force and exactness are her whole concern'. Dr. Brereton is at his best, as are most English expositors of French poetry, with the Romantics and post-Romantics; but even when he is angry with Boileau he does not forget the fundamental French poetic doctrine that 'the instrument through which the poet "thinks" is words', and thus in his fine chapter on Racine he is able to lead us stage by stage to that exciting moment when the doctrine comes into action in its purest form—when 'the artist has come face to face with his materials, with less than which he cannot work at all: words and syntax'.

Dr. Brereton has several trenchant pages on the misuse of the term 'Baroque' as a fashionable critical counter, but the researches of Thierry Maulnier, Jean Rousset, and A.-M. Schmidt into this period have increased our pleasures by bringing to light a large number of neglected and unknown poets. Mr. Steele has compiled a very valuable anthology which includes much of this newly discovered material, some of it not readily available in the French collections. His introduction is a little too crowded and allusive for those who come new to this tract of French verse, but simply to wander in this anthology will prompt a desire to come closer to these learned and charming poets.

*Gros et rond dans mon cabinet  
Comme un ver à soie en sa coque,  
Je te fabrique ce sonnet . . .*

How pleasant to meet Monsieur Charles de Vion de Dalibray!

### An Approach to Modern Physics

By E. N. da C. Andrade. Bell. 25s.

Professor Andrade has once again given the general reader a book of information and delight on physics as it is today. This is a good book, perhaps a very good book, and should make an admirable gift to anyone who would like to know, and is willing to make an effort to know, what physics is doing at the present time. Professor Andrade covers the field in eleven chapters. In the first he asks and answers the question: What is physics? He then goes on to sound and vibration, to light and radiation, to electricity and electrified particles and to solids and liquids. He then writes on the quantum theory, on the structure of the atom, on the structure of the nucleus, and on applications of nuclear transformation. He ends with a discussion of the 'uncertainty' principle. On all these matters he writes not only with a sure touch but with freshness and verve. Whatever modern physics may be devoid of it is not

devoid of wonder or interest or oddness. The facts about stars and atoms are almost beyond belief. It is hard to believe that the average star annihilates daily about a hundred and fifty thousand millions of tons of good matter in giving light, heat and other radiation to the surroundings, or that near the absolute zero metals conduct electricity thousands of times better than they do at ordinary temperatures.

The facts of science are more than facts. They are instances—instances of principles which it is great fun to discover. Many readers will relish Professor Andrade's last chapter on philosophic issues, including the issue of uncertainty. They will realise how inadequate the old views of determinism and materialism are to explain the behaviour of matter, to say nothing of anything higher in the brave scale of evolution.

### A Way of Life. By Peter Wildeblood.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

*A Way of Life* is an extremely embarrassing book to review. As readers of *Against the Law* are aware, Peter Wildeblood is a man of considerable moral courage and integrity, who has not tried to hide either his homosexuality or the fact that he was imprisoned under our laws, and has used his notoriety to good account in trying to alleviate the lot of all prisoners, and to have the law altered so that private sexual conduct between consenting adults is no longer treated as criminal. His moral position must (in the reviewer's opinion) appear impeccable to all men of good will: it is monstrous that the present criminal amendment act arbitrarily sows disgrace, imprisonment, and suicide through the country, gives a charter to the spiv and the blackmailer, and destroys the security of a sizeable minority; and equally, of course, it is desirable that homosexuals should have a self-respecting code of ethics (the main theme of the book under review) and not take advantage of the cruelty of the law as an excuse for conduct which would rightly be condemned if heterosexuals acted in a similar fashion. One would like to be able to praise a book, whose moral intentions are praiseworthy; but, unfortunately, Mr. Wildeblood is not at all a good writer. The contents of *Against the Law* made the book moving, despite the vapidity of the style; but the contents of *A Way of Life* are anecdotal, the style even more vapid.

Apparently *Against the Law* elicited an enormous flow of correspondence from people concerned about homosexuality from one viewpoint or another to Mr. Wildeblood; and Mr. Wildeblood gives sketches, sometimes delicate cameos, sometimes full chapters, of a number of his correspondents to illustrate the varieties of homosexual characters, problems, solutions, and tragedies which have been brought to his notice. An earnest clergyman, a seriously concerned society girl, and two female prostitutes (golden-hearted, of course) are thrown in for good measure. The book is written as a semi-connected narrative with a good deal of dialogue (and unfortunately Mr. Wildeblood has a tin ear for human speech) and the development of some of the characters is presented as in a novel, or novelette. The scandalous nature of much of the material apart, the book has a family resemblance to the works of Messrs. Nichols, Winn, Lustgarten, and Romney. The stories are ever so human; one cannot tell how lifelike are the portraits of most of the characters; a couple of writers are fairly easily recognisable. A very broad-minded Aunt Edna might enjoy this conducted tour down the garden path and round the compost heap of a garden growing almost exclusively *les fleurs du mal*; but it is doubtful whether *A Way of Life* will do much good to the serious causes with which Mr. Wildeblood is generously concerned.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### After Five Years of Viewing

FOR A GREAT MANY PEOPLE, most of them parents, Christmas is a crisis. Our B.B.C. television broadcasts this Christmas showed no awareness of that stark truth, not even the one which took us on a conducted tour of two of London's best-known stores, by some fatuous ruling indicated topographically but not named. As usual, the planning was strictly predictable. The tube exuded sweetness and light. There was not a hint of the harassments that lurked behind innumerable Christmas hearths. Television considered that it was its business to embellish rather than to report. Yet how revealing, and how salutary, a 'Special Enquiry' into Christmas might be!

Bell-ringing from Banstead, in 'Panorama' on Christmas Eve, suitably cued-in the religious services transmitted from York Minster and Warwick Road Congregational Church, Coventry, and the cameras were ploddingly faithful to their duty in both places. With the midnight service from York Minster specially in mind, I continue to think it wrong to allow the televising of the most sacred of all Christian observances. Immediately after the Queen's message (sound only) on Christmas Day, B.B.C. television lapsed into commonplace routine, taking up several minutes with chit-chat about programmes to come, whereas in Channel 9 Associated Rediffusion followed through with film of Commonwealth scenes and interviews which effectively rounded off the day's crowning broadcast. The contrast was so marked as to be discreditable to B.B.C. television. For the rest, there was not much documentary activity to write about, commendably or otherwise; so let us use the interregnum for retrospective purposes.

There is still much latent enthusiasm for certain stage productions of a fairly remote past. No one, except possibly a few performers and their admiring next-of-kin, is excited to ardent recollection of old television programmes. Even the cinema has its moments of fond memory; I mean as art, not as back-row eroticism. Television programmes appear and dissolve like so many cloud shapes. It seems that the novelty is still too strong for us to bother much about the evanescence. At the end of another year's viewing I am as mightily impressed by television as a scientific miracle as I was in the

beginning. I am depressed, in like measure, by the fact that the miracle is still in the box, not in what comes out of it.

That does not denote non-appreciation. While past programmes are not easily recalled individually—a defect of the conveyor-belt system of presentation rather than of memory—there were some that I would cheerfully loll through again. Offhand, I can think of none that would be higher on the list than certain programmes in the 'Look' series. Heinz Sielmann's woodpeckers, foxes, and polecats revived the authentic 'Secrets of Nature' thrills of one's early film-going, with new triumphs made possible by infra-red techniques. 'Look' has also revived, I think, more genuine wonder than many of the indigenous activities of television, an argument to be set against the criticism that the television

justification of television as a medium of information and education. As much could be said for 'Press Conference', which was pointedly examined here several times and always with respect for its purpose and for its leading personalities, many of whom brought into the studio a complimentary weight of experience and authority.

Surviving early disparagements (not, it is pleasing to record, echoed in this page), 'Panorama' gave us some lively moments which, unlike those spent with yesterday's newspaper, might cheerfully and perhaps profitably be recaptured. One of its services to television journalism has been the reinstatement of the interview, in Fleet Street almost a lost art. It can be said of 'Panorama', too, that while its function is journalistic it has sometimes stirred



As seen by the viewer: 'Special Enquiry on Beautiful Britain—or Subtopia' on December 19. Left, pylons in the countryside; right, modern houses in Devonshire

camera is not a film projector. The criticism is not less valid for that qualification. Television traffics too much in films and some of them are not worth looking at. The gist of the matter is that film should be one of the several television tributaries, not a flood.

There was more than one 'Special Enquiry' programme that would bear new scrutiny and none more than the latest, which dealt with the anarchy of ribbon development, bad design, abandoned war installations, and the litter that is more defiling than sandwich papers in the wind. It was splendid material for those who believe in the necessity of school television. 'Special Enquiry' was extolled here for the integrity of its reporting. The series has covered a wide range of topical problems in the social and economic spheres and has provided solid

us to a sense of responsibility more imposing than that of paying the licence fee.

Required to adjudicate in a documentary programme-of-the-year contest, I might find myself wavering between 'Asian Club' and 'The Brains Trust'. As a conscientious professional viewer, I bow the head in obligation to both for making the nightly vigil less like a penance being done in some sickly twilight of the senses. A subsidiary reward of 'Asian Club' is the sight of serene and beautiful faces, rare in western audiences seen on television. Not the least of the satisfactions provided by 'The Brains Trust' is its welcome relief from the impoverished vocabularies of many of documentary television's best-known performers; astonishing, considering the avocations of some of them.

Taking our television sets as units in the cultural showcase, we must agree that the samples on display during the year that is passing demonstrated no extraordinary advance. It may not be feasible to deduce the state of the nation from the unceasing programme flow. Five years' steadfast viewing has left me with the uncomfortable conviction that in too many departments of human self-expression yesterday's second-rate has become our first-rate.

REGINALD POUND

## DRAMA

### Good-bye

NOW I SAY GOOD-BYE, dear reader, patient LISTENER. After what seems like a lifetime to me and must have seemed an eternity to you, I take my not ungrateful leave. Tomorrow the



'Buried Treasure' on December 21: left, a necklace found in a tomb at Carnac; right, a cross and statue placed on a megalith at Carnac in the Christian era

Photographs: John Cura



toasting fork comes off the roof, the chromium and mahogany coffin goes back whence it came. Tomorrow I shall have if not peace (which none dare hope for) at least *absence of telly*, which I fancy may seem, for a while, a good substitute for that other unattainable. It will be like the lunatic's happy moment—when he stopped hitting his head against the wall.

The truth is that television has now become not an adjunct or trimming but a whole-time substitute for real life. The other day I found myself having to leave a Beecham concert in the middle, in order to see how Gran Grove was making out. A Beecham concert, I ask you! And I asked myself, too, you may depend on it. So, no more. Television is a wonderful solace to those to whom life in an ordinary way is denied in full measure. For those out of touch, cut off, lonely, it should be a wonderful companion—like those other reputed best friends, Fido the spaniel or the book from the Everyman library. But for those still anxious to participate in life, television has grown into a vexatious complication: especially as you can't watch both at once. Our sabbaths are split when you *must* choose between a circus or 'Miss Julie'.

Ideally, the television critic must be two-headed, inert, indefatigable: at least until portable television is a fact. It was one thing in the old days to rise from the duller parts of 'Tristan' at the opera and repair to the wash-room to listen to Dame Sybil in 'The Trojan Women': quite another to exchange Beecham for Gran Grove. One must choose. I have chosen. Having wrung out the old let us ring in the new, and I salute my successor—*à vos les plaisirs et les Groves*, as Manon so nearly puts it.

No doubt, like the extracted tooth, the old call will draw me back to pub or shop window to see Norman Wisdom falling down, skating belles, a film of 1939 vintage, Sooty, and, I hope, the I.T.A. contestant who lost £3,200 because he couldn't answer a straight question about 'Cosi'. I won't say there will be no regrets. Oft in the still night the light of other days will close around me as I mourn the glorious hours spent watching old Shaftesbury Avenue hits and new and largely meaningless serials; when like a guilty thing I shall arise from sleep wondering have I missed a semi-dramatised documentary on one of those subjects on which not even Miss Edana Romney, our great *mater problematica*, dares to pronounce? I shall miss the fun we had on Christmas Day with the Chinese marvels, the 'Figaro' from Munich (not as good as Sadler's Wells and, being in German, both uglier and less widely enjoyable), the circus from Paris, the panto from the Riverside studios 'with hosts of well known faces', the domestic piece by Arthur Macrae with the ever-endearing Richard Pearson—yes, and the star-studded 'Music for You', José Greco, and Joan Hammond. I may even get round to the state of feeling bereft at not seeing that now inevitable American Christmas card 'Amahl and the Night Visitors'. But I have a suspicion that for a



Members of London's Festival Ballet in the Chinese Dance from 'The Nutcracker', televised in 'Music at Ten' on December 16

little while I am not going to miss very much.

For ten days past, my last, what do I recall otherwise with pleasure? A wisp of melody from Malcolm Arnold's 'Saki' opera? (Yes, but it was a tiresome little thing really.) The play in which Wolfitt, about the best Lear I ever saw, played a New York art dealer with an American accent I could myself have bettered? No. This play also gets the prize for the line most viewers could not understand; *viz.*, 'If he sneezes maybe I could say *Gesundheit?*' As for the farce from the Whitehall, it was largely Brian Rix as a recruit being much funnier in his underpants than I could ever hope to be in mine; but still, strictly speaking, something I can endure to deny myself.

I have come to think that there ought to be a lot less television and that what there is of it should not be a mere funnelling of entertainments into one's home but an eye rinser and a brain quickener, resorted to with love and longing, not as a *pis aller*. But you will think me, any who have this Christmas perhaps started your viewing only a few days, a Scrooge of the worst order—like the man with Boxing

Day indigestion who announces 'People eat too much!' Let me then please go on record for the last time here in saying that while I have had the task and the honour of watching their labours the members of the B.B.C. Drama Department from end to end seem to me to have brought to their work not the get-by-with-it of journalism (even the more exalted kinds), but the nothing-is-too-much-trouble of the artist, an attitude which honours us all. For many splendid things, for many fine performances, and, from you reader, for your patience, I thank you.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

[Next week Martin Armstrong takes over from Reginald Pound, and J. C. Trewin from Philip Hope-Wallace]

Sound Broadcasting

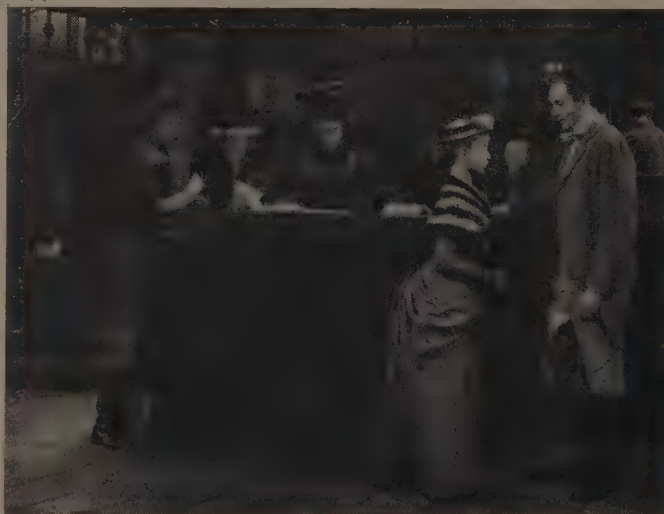
## DRAMA

### The Parting Hour

I HAVE BEEN REMEMBERING a mid-July evening when, in the idiom of James (G. P. R., not Henry), a solitary listener might have been descried before his set, in a room hard by a north London acclivity. The play was 'John Bull's Other Island': though it feels like yesterday it was five-and-a-half years ago. Since that night I have heard well over 1,000 radio-plays, features, and variety programmes. Now, on the edge of saying good-bye to sound-radio criticism for a while, my enthusiasm for the theatre of the air and its 'so potent art' remains unfrayed.

Sound-radio drama has given to me a series of absorbing nights. I know of nothing that can so sharpen the ear and the responsive imagination. Long ago Ciber said of Betterton: 'In the just delivery of poetical numbers, particularly where the sentiments are pathetic, it is scarce credible upon how minute an article of sound depends their greatest beauty or ineffection'. True; and not merely in pathetic poetical numbers. Always we realise, in listening to sound-radio; that this is the theatre of the voice: it seems to me unthinkable that so subtle a medium should ever be permitted to fade while there are ears to hear and imaginations to be fired. In going, with some timidity though with acute interest, to the realm charted so long, so expertly, and so wittily by Philip Hope-Wallace, I have no intention of leaving sound-radio with a Coriolanus-flourish and a defiant 'There is a world elsewhere'. For me it is a wistful parting, though nothing will stop me from dodging back now and then to inspect the country that my learned colleague Roy Walker—who I know will greet the unseen with a cheer—is guarding as from next week.

There is no time to do more than to propose, second, and carry a vote of thanks to the artists and producers of B.B.C. sound drama. Through the years the producers' names have been happily familiar: Val Gielgud, at their head; Douglas Cleverdon, Mary Hope Allen, Raymond Raikes, Christopher Sykes, Peter Watts, D. G. Bridson, Wilfrid Grantham, E. J. King Bull, Archie Campbell, Charles Lefaux, Martyn



Scene from 'Stagecoach Bride' on December 22, with (left to right) Joe Austin as Slivers Johnson (standing), Ruth Springford as Clarissa Black, Janet Reid as Eliza Spenser, and Charles Jarrott as Neville Brooks



C. Webster, Frederick Bradnum, and several others. They have spanned the world's drama from its daybreak to the play of tomorrow, from Aeschylus to the trifle of a moment. The B.B.C. is the National Theatre of the air. It has taught many how to listen. Frustrated playgoers, in regions lost to the stage, have said of radio, as Tennyson did to Macready: 'Thine is it that our drama did not die, Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime, And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see'.

We do not forget the dramatic features or the gallant buoyancy of the Variety Department. A listener cannot always be thinking nobly of the soul. Variety—though it is far more of a chancy bran-tub than the rest of radio-drama—can offer its pleasures if we listen selectively, and not too much in the spirit of the Volumnia who 'stepped about with her head thrown half a yard back as if she had a contempt for her own chin'.

My last engagements with the mottled-grey box have been with a piece called 'The Man from Thermopylae' (Home), and with Burgoyne's comedy, 'The Heiress' (Third). The 300 Spartans of Thermopylae are usually celebrated together, a lost legion that holds the pass in one royal fellowship of death. Ada F. Kay, a north-country dramatist, has now singled out one soldier, Pantites, who escaped miraculously after fighting to the end. It would have been as well if he had died. Sparta wanted its heroes; it had no room for a survivor. Pantites could only excuse himself, and hear excuses, for being unfortunate enough to live. The play, a bit sententious but usefully developed, was much helped by the vigour of Alec Clunes, an actor grandly unafraid to act—something too often regarded (like the survival of Pantites) as bad form. Moreover, Mr. Clunes has a superb voice and uses it. I shall remember the play for him, and for Carleton Hobbs as a wayfarer who is not what he seems.

'The Heiress' is by General Burgoyne who, I hope, was as witty in life as Shaw made him. (Was ever such a play-stealer as Burgoyne in the last scenes of 'The Devil's Disciple'?) His comedy gives further proof that late eighteenth-century drama is not merely a few plays by Sheridan and one by Goldsmith, with an occasional startled glance elsewhere. This is a lively, salted-biscuit comedy of manners, often extravagant ones. Its cast, including Marjorie Westbury—one of the protean artists of sound-drama—urged it along with relish and style.

So now, good-bye. Ibsen beckons. O'Casey glows. Samuel Beckett (most naturally) waits. And Mr. Walker's hand is upon the switch. What more to say? 'It is generally remarked', says Burgoyne's Lady Emily, 'that wanting words is the beginning of a florid set speech'. No more, then; but, to all, good listening in the years ahead. In the corner my television set waits: we look at each other expectantly.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

No. 648

LAST WEEK, the fourth panel of the huge mosaic by Francis Watson and Maurice Brown showing the life, work, and personality of Mahatma Gandhi was completed in a seventy-minute broadcast called 'The Last Phase', and if a picture in three panels is a triptych, then this four-panel portrait must be called a tetraptych. Its great merit was that it was not only a portrait but a biography, so that it had a dramatic movement which carried the listener on and left in his mind a number of vivid incidents and anecdotes against which Gandhi stood out in sharp relief. I don't believe such an enterprise could have been better done in this form, but once again I asked myself, when the seventy

minutes ended, if for the listener the game was worth the candle.

In this final broadcast there were no fewer than twenty-nine speakers, some of them expressing themselves with accents which imposed an almost superhuman effort on the listening ear if both words and sense were to be caught and held, and the majority of them did not and could not in the few seconds assigned to them take on any sort of human identity. On the other hand those who spoke more often, and at greater length, stood out as personalities and gave us at first hand lively impressions which could not have been otherwise presented. If I were called upon to draft a new Mosaic Law I would lay it down, that contributing voices be limited to half a dozen chosen from persons who are not only closely acquainted with the sitter but have, besides, the ability to express themselves in fresh and graphic terms; these to be distributed against a background of narrative which will leave a more lasting impression than those airborne odds-and-ends which do little more than harass and tire the listener.

Noting that two evenings later I was in for another of these mosaics, I took a short holiday by accompanying Ludwig Koch on a 'Visit to the Scilly Islands', there to cavedrop on the stormy petrel, the Manx shearwater, and the cormorant, while the soothing wash of the sea purged my ears and mind of all human babble except that of Mr. Koch himself. Mother Carey's chicken was not as effusive in her welcome as we had hoped, but the Manx shearwater communicated some hoarse grunts to the microphone that waited obsequiously at the mouth of his burrow, and the cormorant obliged with noises indistinguishable from those heard when I try to prise open a case of wine with a large chisel. Like all Mr. Koch's broadcasts it was extremely refreshing.

The second mosaic, 'An Editor Looks Back', was a portrait not so much of a person as an institution—*The New Statesman and Nation*—although, as was right, Kingsley Martin, its editor for the past quarter-century, appeared well in the foreground. The programme was compiled by him and Jenifer Wayne, and their brief bouts of dialogue strung it together in a pleasantly informal way. I can imagine unsympathetic listeners affecting a lofty disapproval of this public exhibition of a purely family affair, but not me nor any other constant reader of *The New Statesman*. Of the nineteen speakers I knew all but three either personally or by their writing or by sight or sound or both as lecturers or broadcasters, and I have known and read the journal itself from the day of its birth in 1913. Little wonder then that I enjoyed the broadcast and, what's more, agreed with all the criticism of its subject, flattering and damnatory, quoted in the course of the programme.

Owing to early posting last week, I could not notice an exceedingly interesting programme on 'The Impact of Television in France, Italy, Western Germany, Holland, and Switzerland'. In most, if not all cases, the results, direct and indirect, seem to me much more valuable socially and culturally than in this country. In France, for instance, 1,000 schools have had television programmes for the last three years on which artists, scientists, and other noted persons appear, and after which there are classes on the subjects treated. Even more striking are the social effects in remote villages of France and Italy where television clubs have been formed.

If a critic may look back from his more modest station and over a period which is only half of Mr. Kingsley Martin's twenty-five years, I may be allowed to remark that this, my final article on 'The Spoken Word', is No. 648 and that 648 weeks make twelve years, five months, and two weeks.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### Handel Is as Handel Does . . .

BY WHICH I MEAN that in last week's performance of 'Messiah', relayed from Blackburn, long-standing traditions were mostly discarded and the original instrumentation was observed. It is, as a distinguished colleague is fond of remarking, 'very right and proper' that at this season there should be an annual broadcast of Handel's masterpiece, which, the more one hears it, engages the more one's admiration and affection. And though, from long association with old tradition, I confess to missing the sonorous drum-beats in 'For unto us', it is surely even righter and properer in these days when there is a greater understanding of eighteenth-century practice, to revert to the *Urtext*.

Mozart, whose 'additional accompaniments' have been used at most of these Christmas performances in the past, has been criticised as though he were attempting to improve upon the original. But, as we were reminded some months ago, Mozart's wind-parts were not 'additional' at all; they were written, as substitutes for the organ continuo, for a performance at which no organ was available. And Mozart, who was born three years before Handel's death, may at least be credited with some understanding of the practice of organists in the previous generation, apart from his well-known respect for Handel's genius. He did not know, any more than we do, what exactly Handel played on the organ, but he probably had a better idea than we have of the principles that guided him. So his woodwind parts—the re-written trumpet parts are another matter—might be taken as an indication of the effect the organist should seek to create. Above all he should not be too self-effacing, as was the organist at Blackburn, who was unnamed in *Radio Times* but said to be Geraint Jones in one announcement and Arnold Goldsbrough in another. It was, with the 'technical hitch' and all, a somewhat confusing evening!

None the less, it was an excellent performance. The Blackburn Music Society's Choir has the splendid tone, good attack, and clear enunciation one expects of Lancastrian singers. The balance was good and Stanford Robinson kept the lighter choruses crisp and lively without making them sound too gaily elegant. In the 'big' choruses there was plenty of tone without heaviness, but hardly enough energy and tension—in 'Hallelujah' particularly. The chief honours of the performance went to the tenor and bass soloists. It is a long time since I have heard such really stylish singing in the opening recitative and air. The famous *missa di voce* in 'Comfort ye' was beautifully done, and Stephen Manton's breath-control seemed to give him inexhaustible reserves for the long figurations of 'Every valley'. His singing of the later solos showed a command of tragic expressiveness. And, like his colleague Ranken Bushby, he sang good English and not debased oratoriose. Mr. Bushby has a bright bass voice that is well controlled and, no less than the tenor's, capable of sustaining long and florid phrases. Ungallant though it be, I cannot give equal praise to the soprano (Ena Mitchell) and alto (Norma Procter). The latter sang 'He was despised' well and expressively, but elsewhere she was not immune from that disease of contraltos vulgarly known as 'oratorio hoot'. Miss Mitchell's voice sounded pinched and thin, and she seemed incapable of maintaining an even quality of tone and dynamic over a legato phrase. She has sung much better than this.

Apart from the recording of this year's production of 'Der fliegende Holländer' at Bayreuth, there has been a suspicion of padding in the past week's programme. I find it difficult to believe that two performances of Bruckner's



enormous and ponderous Eighth Symphony on gramophone records really met a large public demand, or that any but a handful of experts are interested in the varying editorial recensions of Messrs. Haas and Nowak, of which some account was given by Deryck Cooke in a talk and by Hans Redlich in an article in this journal. The last two evenings of the week were occupied, musically, by a concert under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, in which the chief event was the repetition of his splendid performance of Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony.

Wagner's opera was given, as is now the custom at Bayreuth, in the continuous form that Wagner, with his egotistical disregard for the convenience and patience of his audience, originally designed for it. There is nothing really to be said in favour of this procedure in what is obviously a romantic opera in three acts. This work used to be acclaimed by the late W. J. Turner as the best of Wagner, which merely meant that he himself had no appreciation of Wagner's genius and preferred the music of Weber and Marschner. There are wonderful

moments in 'The Dutchman', but also stretches of desert boredom, especially when the conductor does his best to justify Nietzsche's remark about Wagner's slug-like tempi. Astrid Varnay is not the steadiest of sopranos, but one cannot blame her for failing to make Senta's ballad 'go' at Herr Keilberth's tortoise-pace. George London sang well as the Dutchman, though his voice is naturally too bright for the part, and Arnold van Mill did what can be done to mitigate the prosiness of that admirable old mariner, Daland.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The English Medieval Carol

By FRANK LI. HARRISON

A programme of medieval carols will be broadcast at 8.25 on Tuesday, January 1 (Third)

LITERARY historians have associated the origins of the English sacred carol with the Franciscans, one of whose aims was to foster popular devotion by turning the secular danced *carole* to sacred use. No doubt their first efforts in this direction were intended for the ordinary populace who came to hear them preach, but in the course of time they seem to have turned their attention to the indecorous songs used by the clerks of larger churches at certain times of the year. In the *Red Book of Ossory*, for example, Richard de Ladrede, a Franciscan Bishop of Kilkenny in the fourteenth century, wrote sacred Latin words, some with the 'burden' or refrain which distinguished the carol from other forms, to the melodies of the secular English and Anglo-Norman songs his clergy had previously been singing. E. K. Chambers suggests that this was a move to keep within the bounds of decorum the freedom customarily allowed on the three days after Christmas and on the Feast of the Circumcision (January 1), when the clergy of the various degrees and the choristers took over the services of the day in turn.

There is good reason for the suggestion, for bishops and churchmen were constantly concerned with this problem during the Middle Ages, and it is not unlikely that the carol gave them a welcome solution as a suitable compromise between popular custom and ecclesiastical propriety. This use of the carol would help to account for its appearance in polyphonic form in about 1400 and for the enthusiastic cultivation of the polyphonic carol in the following century, which has left us some 130 examples. In this way the idea begun by the friars was taken up by the Church at large and produced one of the most attractive musical forms of the later Middle Ages. At the same time, the secular carol continued to flourish as a form of poetry, and had its place, though a subordinate one, in the history of the polyphonic carol until the sixteenth century.

The texts of the sacred polyphonic carols of the fifteenth century were written in English or Latin, or in a mixture of both, or even occasionally in a mixture of English, Latin, and French. The great majority are carols of Christmas or the Epiphany, or of one of the feast days between Christmas and the Epiphany—the festivals of St. Stephen, St. John, the Holy Innocents, St. Thomas of Canterbury (the fourth day after Christmas), and the Circumcision. Although the verse-and-refrain form of the carol is also found in some of the music of festal processions, notably in the processional hymn, it is not likely that the carols themselves were sung in liturgical processions, since the music and ceremonial of processions was laid down in the Ordinal which governed

the ritual, and the music was fully provided in the service-book called the Processional. The question remains: did the carol have a liturgical function, and, if so, what precisely was its place in the service?

It is clear from the secular Ordinals that the relative freedom in the choice of music allowed during the Christmas season applied only to the conclusion of the service, and that the music thus sung replaced the 'Benedicamus Domino—Deo gratias' with which the Office normally ended. It is noticeable that a number of carols of the early fifteenth century contain these words. Among them is the famous 'Agincourt' carol, 'Our King went forth to Normandy', which has the burden 'Deo gratias Anglia, redde pro victoria'. Another instance is a 'macaronic' carol for Christmas with lines in Latin, French, and English and the burden 'Novo profusi gaudio Benedicamus Domino'. This feature of the carol suggests that it provided music for the end of the service at Christmastide or on occasions of national rejoicing, and thus limited the choice of the singers to pieces which were appropriate in content, while still lying outside the sphere of the strictly ritual in text and music.

The polyphonic sacred carols gave new life to an ancient form by giving it a setting in the musical repertory of the larger churches. The polyphonic secular pieces, which are in the same manuscripts and were therefore sung by the same communities, reflect another side of the activities of clergy and singers. The chief subjects were moral-didactic, political, and convivial:

- (a) In every state, in every degree,  
The meane is best, as seemeth me.
- (b) *Anglia tibi turbidas*  
*Spera lucem post tenebras.*
- (c) The boares head that we bring here  
Betokeneth a Prince without peer.

Carols were sung at the banquets of royalty and nobles, and in the recreations of clerics and choir-members. An account of the royal banquet on Twelfth Night in 1487 tells us that 'At the Table in the Medell of the Hall sat the Deane and those of the King's Chapell, which incontinently after the King's first course sange a Carall'. Similarly, the statutes of some of the university colleges allowed the fellows, scholars, and choir to spend the evening of a feast day in hall singing *cantilene* and reading poems and chronicles of the reigns of kings.

The musical style of the carols of the first half of the fifteenth century is in the tradition of earlier devotional polyphony of a popular kind. Most are for two voices and make much use of simple or decorated parallel sixths. The new feature was the constant use of triple time, in which they were clearly affected by the French *chanson*. Both their melodic style, however, and their treatment of the *hemiola* so characteristic

of the rhythm of the *chanson*, have a directness and vivacity which are entirely their own. Later in the century the style followed the trend of the larger liturgical forms and became more graceful and flowing, while keeping the rhythmic interplay of the still invariable triple measure. Three-part burdens were now more usual, though the verses were normally in two parts. There is one example of a four-part burden.

Beginning in the late fifteenth century a distinct change is seen in the subjects of the sacred carols. Most deal with the Passion and Crucifixion of Our Lord, all are written in English, and their poetry is more personal and intense, even 'pietistic'. The music is regularly in duple time, has Renaissance features in melodic and rhythmic style and in the use of imitation, and is expressive of a direct and sometimes moving devotion. William Cornyshe's 'Wofully araide' is a specially beautiful example of these 'Carols of the Passion', and in addition a proof of the versatility of a composer who was equally successful as a writer of large choral works in florid style and as a deviser of court pageants.

Other composers include Gilbert Banester (d. 1487), (John?) Browne, Richard Davy, and Robert Fayrfax. The courtly element of the Renaissance appears in such pieces as Edmund Turges' 'From stormy wyndis', written in honour of Prince Arthur (d. 1502) and the same composer's 'Enforce yourselfe', addressed to Henry VII. These carols, both sacred and secular, probably formed part of the repertory of domestic music, as distinct from the music of state pageantry, of the early Tudor court.

The last stage of the medieval carol was reached with the only printed book containing secular part-music surviving from the first half of the sixteenth century, the *xx Songes ix of iiii partes and xi of thre partes* published in 1530. Only the bass part-book is extant. The collection has the traditional mixture of secular songs and devotional carols, by Cornyshe, Fayrfax, Thomas Ashewell, John Taverner, Richard Pygot, and others. The issuing of a printed collection suggests that carols had achieved a reasonably wide currency as household music. Thus the print of 1530 was the ancestor of Byrd's *Psalmes Sonets and Songs* of 1588, which links the carol with the new era of the madrigal, the household music of a later age.

A revised edition of the *Gilbert and Sullivan Book*, by Leslie Baily (Cassell, 50s.), first published in 1952, is now available. To this lavish, large, comprehensive history (460-odd pages, with eleven colour plates and 400 illustrations in the text) both of the Savoy operas and of the lives of Gilbert and Sullivan themselves, has been added a new chapter in which the author discusses the future of the D'Oyly Carte operas, whose copyrights are due to run out in 1961.



## For the Housewife

## Know Your Materials—II

By ALICE HOOPER BECK

**N**ET is not made by the usual weaving process and so has some unusual characteristics. For example, there is no diagonal stretch in net, so when you want to make a net binding it can be cut lengthwise on the straight and not, as with other materials, on the cross. Net does not fray, and this means that seams need only be trimmed and the hemline can be left with a raw edge. Because of its fine, open mesh net needs careful sewing on the machine: the tension should be adjusted so that the material does not pucker and, for the best results, the seams should be sewn over tissue paper which can be pulled away later. It is important to take care not to distort the pattern of the mesh in net when you are cutting out a garment.

I have found that white net sometimes turns slightly yellow when dry-cleaned, so, if you want a really snowy look, that is something to remember. But white net, both cotton and nylon, can be washed in mild suds, though in cotton net some of the crispness may disappear. This crispness, however, can be restored by rinsing the washed net in a solution of gum arabic, which is a kind of starching process. When ironed very slightly damp the net comes up like new.

Because dresses made of net are usually full and floating they are high on the danger list so far as fire is concerned, but today you can buy net which will not flare up even when a spark falls on it. This kind of net will melt into small holes but it will not burst into flames. It is a little more costly to buy but it is money well spent.

Net is another material that these days can be treated with a silicone finish, and this finish does not make it any less delicate and airy. The

dry-cleaner must be told it is silicone finished so that he will know what treatment to use.

Lace is stronger than you might imagine from its cobwebby looks. It is really a practical material, not least because it is all but uncrushable and packs into a small space. Lace, whether it is flouncing or all-over lace by the yard, has a self-edge and, if possible, you should choose a dress pattern that allows you to retain this edge, otherwise the lace is harder to handle. In many cases lace needs some kind of backing, such as net or chiffon, if it is to look its best, and this is something to consider when choosing a design or budgeting for the material. Fine lace is better dry-cleaned, but cotton and nylon laces can be washed in mild suds. Lace should always be pressed over several thicknesses of turkish towelling with firm downward movements, never by passing the iron backwards and forwards.

There has never been a year when materials glittered so much with gold and silver and coloured metals. There are, generally speaking, two kinds of metal fabric: those which may, in time, tarnish and those which will not tarnish at all because the metal used in the design is sandwiched between two layers of clear plastic. If a material contains a great deal of metal, you must be careful of pin marks during the making and of marks made by, say, a brooch during wear. Another warning is that the metal threads can be permanently creased or bent; and, speaking from my own experiences, it is not a good thing to wear a spray of real flowers on a dress of metal fabric that is likely to tarnish.

Metal materials should be pressed as little as possible and seams, for example, should be laid flat on a table and opened with your finger or a

thimble. Always test the effect of heat on a scrap of the material first, and press dry—never under a damp cloth—with a moderate iron. Metal materials fray easily so need extra careful handling during fitting and making.

The new untarnishable metal materials can be dry-cleaned; any material which can be washed in the ordinary way can also be washed when combined with these untarnishable metal yarns.—*Woman's Hour*

## Notes on Contributors

GEORGE MIKES (page 1057): journalist; has recently returned from Hungary; author of *How to be an Alien*, etc.

OTTO KAHN-FREUND (page 1058): Professor of Law, London School of Economics, London University; co-author of *The System of Industrial Relations in Great Britain*, etc.

ISAIAH BERLIN, C.B.E. (page 1063): Lecturer in Philosophy, Oxford University; author of *The Inevitability of History*, *The Hedgehog and the Fox*, *Karl Marx*, etc.

W. MAYS (page 1065): Senior Lecturer in Philosophy, Manchester University

DANIEL BELL (page 1069): Lecturer in Sociology, Columbia University

REX WARNER (page 1074): author of *The Vengeance of the Gods*, *Men of Stones*, *The Aerodrome*, *The Professor*, etc.; has translated Thucydides, Euripides' *Helen*, *Hippolytus*, *Medea*, etc.

FRANK L. L. HARRISON (page 1086): Choragus and Lecturer in Music, Oxford University

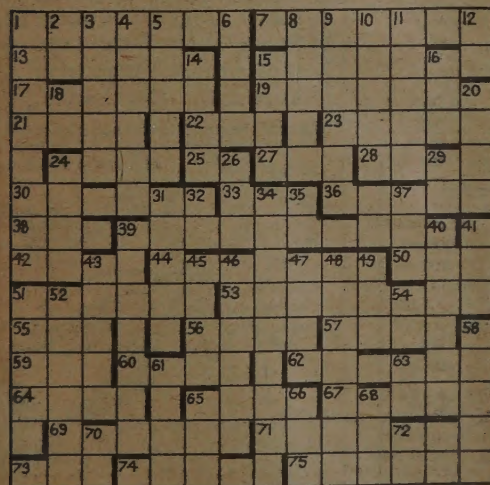
## Crossword No. 1,387.

## No N.E.W.S. from Abroad.

By Egma

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Friday, January 4. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The lights belong to or are associated with the clues and are to be entered in the diagram in accordance with the instruction implied in the title. Hyphens and accents are to be omitted. Unchecked letters could form GOA, FIURA, LODI, KARAKHOTO, CAPRI, N41, E47, W9, S49. Chambers's *Gazetteer* is recommended.

## CLUES ACROSS

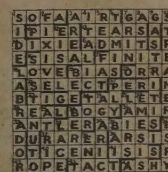
1. Canada (12)
7. 64, 74. Australia (9)
13. 19, 36, 59. 57 Ac. (9)
15. Yugoslavia (8)
17. Sicily (6)
21. Egypt (5)
22. France, Spain (8)
23. Netherlands Antilles (5)
24. 25. Italy (6) (2)
27. 28. Japan (4) (5)
30. 38, 44, 51, 55. France (8) (6) (8) (8) (5)
33. 50. Greece (6) (5)
39. 42. Germany (17) (6)
53. India (8)
56. Abyssinia (5)
57. (6)
60. Switzerland (7)
62. U.S.A. (8)
65. Syria, Turkey (7)
67. Albania (6)
68. France, Italy (7)
71. China (8)
73. Brazil (6)
75. Spain (7)

## DOWN

1. 4, 47, 68. U.S.A. (2 words, 5, 5) (8) (4) (4)
2. 29. Norway (5)
3. 48. India (6) (8)
5. 70. Italy (7) (4)

6. 14, 18, 37, 54, 66. France (7) (6) (4) (4) (5) (6)
8. Bolivia (5)
9. Brazil (6)
10. Turkey (6)
11. China (7)
12. 34, 41, 45. Greece (4) (11) (6) (6)
15. Belgium (10)
16. Czechoslovakia (4)
20. Finland (5)
24. Portugal (5)
- 26, 51. Poland (5) (6)
31. Gold Coast (7)
32. Egypt (4)
- 35, 39, 57 Ac. (3) (9)
- 40, 61. U.S.A., Canada (7) (5)
43. Chile (6)
46. Indonesia (7)
49. Philippines (4)
52. Tasmania (6)
58. Colombia (7)
63. Chaldaea, Iraq (2)
65. Germany (5)
72. Sicily (4)

## Solution of No. 1,385



## NOTES

The position of the light given by each clue marked \* is given in brackets.

Across: 1 (31A); 3 (28A); 7 (1A); 11 (23A); 13 (37A); 17 (27D); 18 (42A); 19 (33D); 20 (22A); 21 (4D); 22 (18A); 23 (11A); 28 (3D); 30 (41A); 31 (1D); 34 (8D); 37 (13A); 40 (26D); 41 (35D); 42 (20A); 44 (30A).

Down: 1 (3A); 3 (44A); 4 (21A); 5 (38D); 6 (30D); 7 (7A); 8 (40A); 17 (22D); 19 (17D); 22 (24D); 24 (5D); 26 (6D); 27 (17A); 29 (34A); 30 (29D); 33 (19A); 35 (7D); 38 (19D).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. R. Hunecke (Hull); 2nd prize: E. C. Hunt (Gl. Yarmouth); 3rd prize: K. N. Bascombe (Oxford)

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